

YANKEE DOODLE

COMPLETE STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey.

No. 2.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE IN HAVANA; —OR— LEADING OUR TROOPS TO VICTORY.



Yankee Doodle dashed on in advance, sounding the charge on his drum and steadily facing the enemy. The soldiers looked at him, expecting every moment to see him go down. But he pressed on toward the foot of the breastworks.

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YANKEE DOODLE IN HAVANA; OR, LEADING OUR TROOPS TO VICTORY.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

CHAPTER I.

YANKEE DOODLE IN THE FIELD—"NO WOMAN SHALL BE SHOT FOR ANYTHING."

THE American army was closing in on Havana.

The fleet had already closed the harbor so that no Spanish ship could enter or leave.

All the world except Spain knew that the city was doomed.

The lines were gradually being extended so as to cut off the city by land as effectually as it was already done by water.

Yet the Spaniards were plucky and full of fight. They seemed utterly blind to the fate that menaced them, and believed that they would crush the Yankee pigs when the great battle came, and force them to surrender or leave Cuba.

But they were hungry, and on short rations, so that when their foraging parties went out they were really fighting for their dinner.

With all her cruelty and oppression the Spain of to-day still has friends in Cuba, who say they would rather suffer Spanish tyranny than live under Cuban rule. These people gave the Spanish officers constant and prompt information of the movements of the American troops, and their hatred of the Cuban allies of the Americans was even more intense than that for the latter. They blamed the insurgents as the authors of all their woes, and were not disposed to show them any mercy when captured. On the other hand the insurgents had the wrongs of three hundred years to avenge, so they were not any more lenient than the Spaniards were.

In the little village of Calvario, some eight or ten miles from Havana, a Spanish detachment had captured five Cubans who had been guiding the Americans through the country in the rear of the city. The guides had been betrayed by a dusky *senorita* who had a sweetheart in the Spanish army of the name of Gonzalez, who had command of the detachment.

Gonzalez was a brute of the worst type, and he lost no time in preparing to dispose of the five prisoners. He denounced them as traitors and ordered them to be shot.

They were led out to the woods on the outskirts of the village and tied to trees, and were to be shot one by one, in order to let the last ones see the first ones die. The brutal Gonzalez had his *senorita* by his side when the first one was shot, and both laughed when the deed was done.

"*Viva Cuba Libre!*" cried the four survivors, when they saw their comrade shot.

"*Viva Espana!*" yelled the shooting squad. "Death to traitors!"

Suddenly a volley from the woods sent the entire shooting squad rolling on the ground, and the next moment the whole place swarmed with Cubans.

"Yankee Doodle! Viva Yankee Doodle!" cried the four men tied to the trees. "*Viva Americanos!*" and a rush was made to release them.

"*Caramba!*" hissed Gonzalez, as he beheld a young American soldier, sword in hand, leading the Cubans. "The *Americanos!* Fly, *senorita*, and let me slay the American pig!" and he drew his sword, calling upon his men to rally to his side.

But the Cubans, led by Yankee Doodle, did not give them a chance to rally. They were hemmed in on all sides, including the brutal Gonzalez and his fiancée. He was quickly overpowered, disarmed and made prisoner.

"*Senor Americano*, I am your prisoner," said the captain.

"I decline to receive you as a prisoner," replied Yankee Doodle.

"Am I not your prisoner?"

"No. I am an American soldier and if I should take you prisoner, I'd be bound to treat you as a prisoner of war, which you do not deserve. The Cuban who captured you may do as he pleases with you," and

the young American, the idol of the Cubans around him, turned and gazed at the body of the Cuban who had been shot by order of the prisoner.

The Cubans caught the idea his act conveyed. They seized Gonzalez and led him to the tree.

"Cut the cords that bind that body to the tree!" a Cuban ordered, giving him a knife.

He refused.

"Tie him by the body, then!" hissed his captor, and he was bound alongside the body of his victim.

"Senor Americano!" screamed the dusky senorita, running over to where Yankee Doodle was standing and falling at his feet, "they are going to kill my Bernardo! Save him! You can save him—only you can save him!"

"Yes, senorita, I can save him," said Yankee Doodle, "but why should I? Did you ask him to spare the poor fellow who is now by his side—dead?"

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" cried the Cuban, who heard him.

"She stood by and laughed when he was shot!" cried one of the Cubans, who had been doomed to the same fate. "She ought to be shot, too!"

"No woman shall be shot for anything!" cried Yankee Doodle.

"Senor, save him! I love him! Let me die with him if you will not save him!"

"Senorita, I will not utter a word to save such a brute!" and the young American turned and walked away into the village, to avoid being an eye witness of the execution of the brutal Spanish officer.

He had not reached the heart of the village when he heard the report of the rifles that had ended the life of the fiend.

"They are half savages," he said to himself, "but I am glad that they have done that. If ever a brute deserved death, that man did. That girl stood by his side looking on, and did not raise her voice to save that poor patriot. Ah! Here she comes now—raving like a crazy person because her lover has met his just due!"

She came running after him, screaming at the top of her voice. He stopped, turned aside to let her pass and waited.

With the fierce scream of an enraged tigress she sprang upon him, to rend him with her nails.

The attack surprised, staggered him, and such was the impetus of the rush, that both rolled on the ground.

He quickly disengaged himself from the clutches of the frantic young woman and scrambled to his feet. She arose, too, and went at him again, and he would have been put to flight (he would not strike her) had not some of the Cubans seized and held her.

"Be tender with her, men," he said to them. "She is a woman. That is enough for a man to know."

"Venegance! vengeance!" she cried, struggling to free herself from those who held her. "You have killed my Bernardo!"

"What is her name?" Yankee Doodle asked of those about him.

It was soon found out for him, and he was told.

"Senorita Dolores, eh? Well, I am sorry for her. I am also sorry for the mother, sister or wife of the poor Cuban who was slain by her brutal lover. Take her to her home and treat her tenderly. She is a woman."

They took her to her home and left her there, still raving and calling down all the curses of Heaven on the heads of those who had slain her Bernardo.

Yankee Doodle then ordered the dead buried, after which he left the village with the Spanish prisoners captured there, about thirty in number, and returned to the American lines where he turned them over to the commandant.

It did not take the commandant long to learn that the Spanish officer had been shot after he was captured, and he sent for Yankee Doodle. When the brave youth faced him the commandant asked:

"Who shot that Spanish officer to-day?"

"*Quien sabe*," was the reply.

"Hang your Spanish! I want the plain English of it!"

"I don't think he could speak English, colonel. He was shot in Spanish."

"Who shot him?"

"*Quien sabe*."

"See here, Yankee Doodle. This is a serious matter. Tell me the truth about it!"

Yankee Doodle laughed and told him the story.

"Then the Cubans did it?"

"Yes, colonel. I had nothing to do with it—walked away to avoid having any hand in it."

"You knew they were going to do it, though?"

"Yes, and was glad when they did, if you want to know," and the young American's eyes snapped as he spoke.

"So am I—as long as our people don't get the credit of it."

"I could have saved him, but did not wish to do so. He ought to have been burnt alive."

"No doubt, but as our people have proclaimed to the world their horror of the barbarities of Spain on this island, we must not be guilty of such things ourselves."

"I understand, colonel. The Cubans did it," and Yankee Doodle laughed. "There was no American officer present. I was the only American in the village at the time. *Caramba!* They made short work of it," and he laughed again.

That night Yankee Doodle left the American camp in disguise and made his way into the enemy's lines. It was not a difficult thing to do, as the Spanish soldiers are not half so vigilant as vindictive. Once inside the lines he went about at will, looking like a Cuban workingman. Speaking to no one he walked about like one who had nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in. Nothing escaped him. On the plaza he heard people talking of the war and the terrible fate in store for the Yankees when they attacked the city.

In front of the palace of the captain-general he saw

many Spanish officers gathered around a young woman, who was telling them something that interested them. On going by to get a look at the group, he was dumfounded at seeing Senorita Dolores in the person of the young woman.

She was telling the story of the death of her lover, Captain Bernardo Gonzalez, and the capture of his men. Yankee Doodle had picked up Spanish enough to make out what she was saying. One of the officers led her to the quarters of the commandant of the defenses of the city, and she was soon out of sight.

"She is the bitterest enemy we have in Cuba now, I guess," Yankee Doodle muttered to himself, as he walked on. "But she can do us no harm that I can see."

He lit a cigar, for everybody seemed to be smoking, and went about in other directions, keeping a sharp lookout for danger points, and thus spent several hours. His greatest care was to avoid speaking to any one, as his ascent would at once betray him. But as no one addressed him he was not molested, and a little after midnight he proceeded to make his way out of the city again.

Of course he had to make his way out to the picket line beyond the fortifications, which, in many places, lay in the woods. He slipped into the bushes to conceal himself till a favorable chance presented itself—and ran up against two men who were evidently in hiding, too.

Ere he could recover from his surprise the two men seized him, threw him to the ground, and one hissed in Spanish:

"Make a noise and you die!"

He had but little knowledge of Spanish, and was not sure he understood what was said, so he replied:

"Si, senor."

"Keep still, then!" and they waited in profound silence till some officers rode by.

Then his two captors rose to their feet and darted out of the bushes, going he knew not whither, leaving him unharmed.

"Lord, what luck!" he thought to himself, as he rose to his feet and looked around him as well as he could in the dark. Then, after a few minutes he made his way across the picket line and disappeared in the great woods beyond.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIRL SPY—"A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS AN OATH OF VENGEANCE."

WHEN he reached the picket line of the American army, Yankee Doodle decided to see if he could creep through unperceived by the pickets. He succeeded, aided by the darkness in a certain spot, and made his way to the New York regiment to which he was attached.

"Where have you been?" Joe Bailey, the fifer asked him.

"Prowling around—why?"

"The colonel sent for you and you were hunted for everywhere."

"The deuce! What did he want?"

"Hanged if I know. He finally sent for old Pedro and sent him off somewhere."

"Well, that knocks me," and he was puzzled to know what to do. "Did he leave any order for me to report to him?"

"I don't know. Where have you been, anyway?"

"Prowling."

"Well, the first thing you know you'll be macheted in the dark."

"I hope not."

"Of course; but you want to look out, old man."

He laid down in his blanket, and was soon asleep, for he had walked many miles during his trip.

When morning came he went to the colonel's tent and saluted.

"Where were you last night?" the colonel asked.

"In Havana."

"Eh? What?"

He went up close to him and said in a low tone of voice:

"I took a little run in to learn the way when we all want to go together."

The colonel was astonished.

Then he whistled.

And finally laughed.

"I sent for you last night for the purpose of having you get old Pedro to select two men from among his people to go in for the general. Not being able to find you, I sent for the old Cuban myself, and told him what was wanted. He had the men off by midnight."

"Two of them?"

"Yes."

Then Yankee Doodle laughed.

"What amuses you?" the colonel asked. "Did you meet them?"

"I don't know whether I did or not. I ran into two men in the bushes, inside the enemy's line, who threw me to the ground, sat on me till a certain danger passed, and then skipped out without apologizing."

The colonel laughed and said:

"It's strange they did not kill you."

"Yes. I am puzzled over it. I couldn't see who they were—Spaniards or Cubans. They said if I made a noise they'd kill me, so I didn't make any."

"What did you find out in the city?" the colonel asked.

"I found out that I could take five hundred men and capture an earthwork out there on their line any night in the week—if they are as careless all the time as they were last night."

"Why do you think so?"

"They are on the lookout only in front, and have no challengers for parties coming up from behind."

"They don't expect an enemy from that quarter."

"No, so it could be captured easily."

"But how could you get in behind them?"

"Easy enough on a dark night, if the men would keep quiet, by disposing of but one sentinel on the line. There is a dry ravine which they don't seem to think about, that runs across the picket line."

"Ah!" and the colonel asked him to describe it minutely which he did, saying:

"I'll wager that Pedro's two men went through there."

"Find out if they know anything about it," suggested the colonel, "and let me know."

"When are they to return?"

"No time set for that."

Yankee Doodle hunted up old Pedro, the Cuban guide and interpreter, and asked him about the two spies he had selected for the general. The old man told him that he had instructed them to go and return without creating any sensation—to kill nobody, so as to let the enemy think they were doing nothing at all.

Then he told the old man of his visit to the city. The old Cuban was astonished. Said he:

"One word from you would have betrayed you, *senor*."

"Yes, I knew that, so I did not say anything at all."

The colonel told the general what Yankee Doodle had found out about the accessibility of the earth-works on the left of the Calvario road. But that officer shook his head, and said that no considerable body of soldiers could creep up the bed of that dry ravine without being discovered.

"I wish he'd give me a chance to prove it," said Yankee Doodle, when the colonel informed him of what the general had said.

"Maybe he will when the assault is made," remarked the colonel.

"Oh, it will have to be done at night—not in the daytime. They have seven brass pieces mounted there to sweep the ground in their front."

When the two spies returned, which they did in twenty-four hours, Yankee Doodle astonished them by asking why they did not kill the young fellow who ran in on them in the bushes.

"Because it would have been found out, and the place would have been guarded afterwards," was the reply.

"I am glad you didn't. I was the one you caught there."

They fairly caught their breaths when they heard that.

"I came very near it once, *senor*," said one of the two.

"I expected it," said Yankee Doodle, "and was surprised when you left me as you did," and they laughed heartily over the affair.

Two days later Yankee Doodle saw a young Cuban in the camp, who seemed to be watching him all the time. He was a very handsome young man, with large, lustrous black eyes, with a snap in them as he looked at the young American. His hands and feet were very small, but that was characteristic of all Cubans. The hands, though, were in his pockets most of the time.

By and by Yankee Doodle noticed that the young Cuban was always in evidence. He seemed never to get out of his sight.

"I wonder if he is following me?" he said to himself, finally.

It was nothing new to have Cubans following him about the camp, since his exploits had made him so popular with them. He had become used to it. But there was something about this young Cuban, particularly in the expression of his eyes, that did not seem like friendship or admiration.

Yankee Doodle then took a long stroll through the camp, to see if the unknown would follow him. To his surprise he was followed wherever he went.

"I don't like that," he said to himself, and he turned and went back, going past and close to the fellow. Their eyes met, and Yankee Doodle gave a start.

He had seen the fierce light of those eyes before.

"Dolores," he said to himself, "she is here, either as a spy for Blanco, or else to slay me at an unguarded moment. By George! I'd rather have a dozen men after me than one woman. One can never tell what an angry woman will or won't do. She blames me for the death of that brute, and will never forgive me for not saving him. I must see the colonel about it, for I don't want to come in contact with her," and he went in quest of the colonel.

The colonel whistled when he heard the story, and took a peep at the unknown.

"Yes, she's a woman," he said. "If you saw her at the office of the commandant in Havana, she is undoubtedly a spy."

"But she seems to be after nobody but me," said Yankee Doodle.

"Well, if she is not locked up, it's only a question of time when she will get you," the colonel replied. "You go out and return to your own quarters, and I'll follow her."

He did so, and the spy at once dogged his footsteps.

The colonel was behind her.

Tapping her on the shoulder, he asked:

"What are you doing here in that garb, *senorita*?"

She wheeled around and answered:

"I am no *senorita*, *Senor Colonel*."

"*Senorita Dolores* is known too well. You are a spy!"

She made no reply.

But her little hand sought a dagger in the bosom of her coat.

"You must not throw your life away, *senorita*. Only two of us in this camp know who you are. We Americans hold women sacred. You had better leave the camp before you are arrested, and be sure not to return again."

She was irresolute for a few moments and made no reply.

"How did you get into camp, *senorita*?" he asked.

"I'll tell you nothing," she replied, eyes flashing and teeth gleaming.

"If you are caught by the Cubans they will shoot you. You must leave camp at once. I'll send you

out under guard to avoid the danger of being shot by the guards."

"Let me go alone, Senor Colonel. I can go as I came," she replied.

"No, that must not be," said he.

"Then let me see senor Yankee Doodle ere I go?" she asked.

"Yes; come to my tent."

She followed him to his quarters, where he sent his orderly to summon Yankee Doodle to his presence.

She looked out of the tent and saw the young American coming. By a quick movement she slipped aside so he could not see her, thrust her hand in her bosom, and seemed to be nerving herself to some desperate deed.

The colonel divined her intentions at a glance.

She intended to stab Yankee Doodle as he entered the tent.

He was on his guard, and when the youth entered he sprang forward and clutched her arm, just as the dagger flashed out of her bosom.

"You are a true Spaniard, senorita," he said, as he wrenched the weapon from her hand.

"I am a true woman!" she hissed. "I have sworn to avenge my Bernardo, and when a woman does that she never forgets her oath!" and she glared at Yankee Doodle with all the venom of concentrated hate in her big, black eyes.

The youth returned her gaze unflinchingly, saying:

"You blame me wrongly, senorita, I had nothing to do with the shooting of Gonzalez."

"You could have saved him by a word, but you did not," she replied.

"You could have saved the patriot whom he ordered shot in your presence, but did not. If Gonzalez loved you he would have spared him for your sake. But you laughed when you saw him shot. I am sorry you are a woman—I would like nothing better than to slay you myself."

"You are a disgrace to your sex," said the colonel, when he saw what a fiend she was.

"When my Bernardo was killed I ceased to be a woman. I live for vengeance?"

"You were not a woman before," said Yankee Doodle. "No woman can stand by and laugh when men are shot. Colonel, I charge her with being a spy for Blanco."

Yankee Doodle's eyes flashed.

He had tried to save her, but she was too wicked to be saved.

The colonel called for a guard and placed her under arrest.

She went away with a smile on her lips.

"Lord, but she has nerve!" said the colonel, when she was gone.

"Yes, indeed," assented Yankee Doodle. "It gives me the cold creeps even to think of her."

"She is a beautiful girl."

"Yes, a beautiful fiend."

"True. She is a spy, but her sex will save her from being shot as such."

"Yes—we can't shoot a woman."

The news ran through the camp that a beautiful girl spy had been caught, and it created a sensation; when the Cubans found out who she was they wanted to make very short work of her.

They have the Spanish spirit of vindictiveness very largely developed—and why should they not? Three centuries of Spanish rule had made them so.

But she was placed under a strong guard in a tent for the time being, and the general at once set about investigating the charge against her.

CHAPTER III.

THE VENGEFUL SENORITA RELEASED—YANKEE DOODLE MAKES ANOTHER CAPTURE.

SENORITA DOLORES never showed any sign of weakness. She did not seem to know what fear was. When the Cubans came by to look at her she hissed at them, called them traitors, and defied them.

They made no reply.

They were forbidden to do so. She was forbidden, too, but she did not obey.

Yankee Doodle went to the general and told him he did not believe she had come into the camp as a spy.

"She came to slay me, general," he said, "and for nothing else."

"But you saw her at the headquarters in the city?" said the general.

"Very true, general, but she never did anything in camp except follow me about. I am sure she had no other object than to wreak vengeance on me."

The general finally took his view of the case, and decided not to appoint a court martial to try her.

But he was at a loss to know what to do with her. She was dangerous. There could be no doubt about that.

After a few days he decided to send her outside the lines with a warning not to come back again.

Yankee Doodle went to see her before she was to be sent away.

"You are to be sent away, senorita," he said to her. "I succeeded in convincing the general that you came to slay me rather than to spy out our strength, and he has decided to leave you in my charge. You are a woman. I have a mother and sister. For their sakes I am going to send you to your home with the hope that you will finally see how unjust you are to me. I could have saved Gonzalez, but as he had just shot one of our people, I did not believe he had any right to expect mercy at our hands. Do you think he had, senorita?"

"I loved him—I loved him," she said. "I hate you—I have sworn to kill you!"

He was staggered. He did not know then that one cannot reason against the heart.

"I shall try to outlive you, senorita," he said, and then turned away.

That day she was escorted beyond the lines and warned not to enter them again. Yankee Doodle

was quite serious for hours after she left, for it was not pleasant to contemplate a hate like hers.

"I've got to keep my eyes open from now on," he said to himself. "In fact, I must sleep with only one eye shut. She can slip through the lines at night, and creep to my quarters when I am asleep. Lord, but I wish she would change her mind."

The day after she left camp the colonel told Phil the general wanted the Cubans to make a run east of Havana and see what the Spaniards were doing.

"I told him you were the only American whom they would blindly follow," the colonel added, "and he suggested that you go with them."

"Glad to go," said Yankee Doodle. "I want Joe Bailey to go with me."

"Take him along," the colonel replied, and he hurried off to tell Joe about it.

The fifer was overjoyed at the chance to get out of camp.

"How many Cubans will go?" he asked Yankee Doodle.

"About three hundred, I guess. It won't do not to be strong enough to put up a fight when attacked."

Old Pedro was told to have the men ready to leave at sunrise, and he promised to do so. They were all eager to go.

In three hours they reached the village where Gonzalez was shot. The women and children stood on the streets to see them. Many of them were true blue Cubans, who cheered their countrymen as they passed.

Yankee Doodle sent to the home of Dolores to find out if she was there. She was not there, and had not been for a week.

"Then she is plotting mischief yet somewhere," he said. "I must be on my guard all the time."

They moved on to another village some ten miles east of Calvario, and there encamped for the night.

Yankee Doodle put out a strong guard all round the camp, and sent a scouting party of twenty men some three miles in the direction of the city.

But nothing occurred during the night, and the next day they turned due north toward the little town of Guanabacoa on the coast, thus making the circuit from the American camp clear round to the sea. There was a Spanish garrison in the town, so they did not enter it.

Their presence threw the town into the wildest kind of excitement, though. They heard the long roll in the fortifications, and Yankee Doodle said to Joe:

"I guess they think the terrible Gomez has suddenly appeared."

"Yes," laughed Joe. "Why not send in a demand for the surrender of the town?"

"Oh, thunder! There are some three thousand Spanish soldiers in there, I guess."

"Well, it would give 'em a good scare, at any rate."

"Yes, so it would, but as they might shoot the messenger I guess I won't do it."

Suddenly, some of the Cubans came running in with

the report that the Spanish cavalry was coming out in force.

"That means fight," said Yankee Doodle, "and we want to get where they can't ride over us."

They retreated a couple of miles to a good place, where the timber afforded protection against cavalry. There they waited for the enemy, who came on as though they had already won the fight.

But the Cubans had faith in the good luck of Yankee Doodle, and coolly waited for the enemy to come up in close range. They then poured volley after volley into them, emptying many a saddle. The Spanish officers tried to rally their men, but they were in a panic, believing they had run into a trap. A couple more volleys sent them flying back to the city, and a Spanish captain and four soldiers remained as prisoners of war.

Not a Cuban was hurt, and when it was known the entire force yelled:

"Viva Yankee Doodle!"

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

The Spanish captain's name was Barca. He could speak French, English and Spanish.

"Whose command is this?" he asked.

"These men are Cubans, acting with the American army," said Joe Bailey, to whom the question had been put.

"You are American?"

"Yes."

"Who commands this detachment?"

"Yankee Doodle."

"Who?" and the prisoner seemed puzzled as he looked at the youth.

"Yankee Doodle," repeated Joe.

"And who is Yankee Doodle?"

"You heard the men cheer him a while ago. There he is—that young man out there," and he pointed to Yankee Doodle.

"An American youth—like yourself. Pray, what is his rank, senior?"

Joe laughed, saying:

"Well, I'm blest if I know. The Cubans gave him the name, and they would follow him against all the world."

"Is he an officer in the American army?"

"I don't know. The general sent him out in command of these men."

The puzzled prisoner looked at Yankee Doodle, who was giving some orders to old Pedro and the scouts, and failed to see any insignia of rank on him.

Just then the young American turned and joined Joe and the Spanish officer, who said:

"Senor Americano, I am your prisoner."

"You are unfortunate to-day, then," was the reply.

"Si, senor; I am very unfortunate indeed."

"You speak English, I see."

"Yes—and French."

"And yet the three languages couldn't save you to-day."

"No," and he laughed. "The truth is, I don't

even yet know what I have fallen into. What is your rank, senior, n I may be so bold as to ask?"

"I am the Yankee Doodle of the American army."

Joe laughed.

Then the prisoner smiled, saying:

"That is a new grade to me, senior. Is it civil, uncivil, military or humorous?"

The fellow had a deal of grit and sarcasm in him.

"I guess it's humorous, as I've had a deal of fun out of it. But you are a prisoner of war, captain, and will be treated as such. You may mount your horse and go with us."

He was deprived of his sword and holster pistols, after which he mounted his horse again and rode away between Joe and Yankee Doodle.

"One never knows what may happen to him in war, captain," Yankee Doodle remarked, as they rode along.

"Quite true, senior. I expected to return to the town within an hour or two. I am going the other way now."

"Yes, and you may not have a chance to do any more fighting in this war."

"Do you not exchange prisoners?"

"Oh, yes, but the war will end so soon that it is hardly necessary to do so."

"You think it will end so soon?"

"Yes, captain. When Havana falls the war will end."

"But Havana has no intention of falling, senior."

"Quite true. I don't think the American general will show much respect to the intentions or wishes of those in command there," and both the youths laughed at the remark.

"Of course you are confident, and you have the right to be," said the captain, "but Havana cannot be taken either by land or sea."

"It will be taken by land in one single assault," said Yankee Doodle. "Our men will go over the works like rabbits when they start. Morro will be knocked to pieces by the big guns of the navy. It was built two hundred years ago when no big guns were used. Stone and wood and mortar cannot withstand the guns of the present day."

The Spaniard was a bright fellow, and was not disposed to be morose or insulting, like most Spanish officers. He laughed at the enthusiasm of the two youths, and said he hoped they would both live long enough to find out that what he said was true.

"We expect to be in, captain, and make it dead sure," said Yankee Doodle.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," exclaimed old Pedro, riding back in great haste to meet him and Joe, "there's a column of the Spanish cavalry rushing down on us from Calvario."

"How far away are they now?"

"They can't be more than a mile away, senior."

"Then we've got to strike 'em right here. This timber is close enough. Joe, hurry the men into it. Pedro, put two men in charge of the captain here and

tell them to take care of him and do him no harm. Pardon me, captain, but I have work to do," and he hurried away to give some final orders.

"Make every shot count, Cubans!" he cried. "Don't fire without orders! Keep quiet now—they are coming!"

But the first soldiers to appear were the Cuban scouts fleeing from the Spanish cavalry who came thundering along behind them. They were signaled by old Pedro, and went into the woods.

The Spaniards came at a gallop eager to run down the Cuban scouts. At their head was a young Cuban who seemed to be a guide.

But Yankee Doodle recognized Dolores, the vengeful senorita, and knew then that she had brought the cavalry down on him—five hundred strong.

When about half of them had passed, he sung out: "Cubans, fire!"

The volley rolled along the roadside for nearly one hundred yards, and over one hundred saddles were emptied, for the distance was not over thirty feet from the concealed patriots.

It was a stunning blow.

The Spanish colonel wheeled and looked back to find his column cut square in two. He rallied those at his end of the line to charge back, and just as he gave the order to charge a volley sent his men flying. Scores of them went down. They had never seen Cubans shoot to hit before.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH CAVALRY—YANKEE DOODLE LEADS A CHARGE.

JUST as the head of the column of Spanish cavalry retreated, the rear end rallied and returned the fire. Quite a number of Cubans were hit—some killed. The Cubans returned the fire, and before the cavalry could recover from the effect of it, charged upon them with the machetes.

Yankee Doodle regretted the move. It was done without orders. The Spaniards were poor shots, but knew how to handle the sabre. The machete was a terrible weapon, but the Cubans were not drilled as swordsmen.

It was a horrible scene—that cutting and thrusting, and the two youths dreaded the outcome of it.

"Steady, Cubans! Strike for *Cuba Libre*!" he cried, and they heard his voice.

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" they yelled.

"Viva *Cuba Libre*!"

"Viva *Espana*!" roared the Spaniards.

It so happened that old Pedro gathered about thirty men in the woods, led them out into the road, and ordered them to fire.

It was a raking fire, and the next moment the Spaniards broke and fled.

The Cubans wanted to pursue, but Yankee Doodle feared to do so—to scatter them in pursuit might be fatal to them, as the head of the cavalry regiment could not be very far away.

"Steady, men!" he called out. "Stay where you

are! Look to your guns! The enemy is yet behind us!"

"They are coming, too!" cried Joe, as he saw them coming at full speed, with the Senorita Dolores at their head, the colonel by her side.

Joe deliberately raised his rifle and shot down her horse. She rolled over on the ground among the dead and lay still, stunned by the fall.

Yankee Doodle saw her go down, and would have gone to her had not the leader of the Spaniards assailed him at the moment. It was a terrific fight for ten minutes; but the machetes again won, and the enemy broke and fled, leaving their colonel dead on the field, and nearly two hundred of his men killed and wounded.

Senorita Dolores raised herself to a sitting posture and glared around her. She had been stunned by the fall.

On seeing Yankee Doodle, she drew a revolver and aimed at him—not ten feet away.

It snapped, and ere she could pull the trigger again, the weapon was knocked from her hand. A Cuban raised his machete to cut her down, when Yankee Doodle sprang forward and caught his arm.

"Let her alone!" he said.

"Her!" and the Cuban looked at her again. He did not know who she was.

"She is Senorita Dolores," Yankee Doodle explained. "She must not be harmed."

"*Caramba!*" growled the Cuban.

"*Diablos!*" hissed others.

She looked defiantly at them, folded her arms across her bosom, and said:

"Senor, I am your prisoner again."

"You are free to go where you please, senorita, and I hope you will be able to bring out another detachment for us to cut up. You have done a good work for free Cuba to-day."

She smiled scornfully at him and turned away, going on foot.

"You can have a horse, senorita," he called after her. "There are plenty of them here that belonged to your friends."

She stopped and looked around at several horses.

Yankee Doodle caught one and led him up to her.

She vaulted into the saddle with the agility of a trooper, and bounded away without uttering a word.

"Hanged if I don't think we ought to hang her if she plays us another trick like that!" said Joe, as he gazed after her.

"Why, I am glad she did it, old man," laughed Yankee Doodle. "It gave us a chance to whale those Spaniards out of their boots."

"Yes, but she didn't intend to have it that way."

"Of course not. She expected to catch us between two fires and kill or capture the whole crowd. But she missed it. It was lucky for us we were in a good place to meet 'em or it might have gone hard with us."

"Yes, indeed. What are you going to do about these dead and wounded?"

"We'll have to bury the dead and leave the wounded in the village to be taken care of. The Spaniards would kill our nurses, so we shall have to let the women of the village attend them."

It did not take long for the Cubans to bury them. They had nine of their own men to bury, and nearly a score of wounded ones to care for.

Captain Barca, the Spanish officer, had been able to see the fight and utter rout of the cavalry. That the Cubans were to be routed and himself rescued he never for a moment doubted as the cavalry charged. But inside of ten minutes he saw the front of the regiment routed. Then he was an eye witness of the terrible hand to hand fight with the second half, followed by the incident of the Cuban girl who had sought the life of Yankee Doodle.

"Senor, you are fortunate," he said to the young American, when he met him again.

"Yes, captain, I think I am, as I was outnumbered by the cavalry," replied Yankee Doodle.

"You managed it well. By waiting till half the regiment had passed you cut it in two. Where did you learn the art of war, senor?"

"I don't know that I have learned it yet," said Yankee Doodle, "but I am trying to."

"You have learned a great deal, I assure you."

"Thanks for the compliment, captain. We'll move on now, as I hope we may reach our lines before night. The senorita may bring a brigade down on us next."

"Who is she, senor? What is her grievance against you?"

Yankee Doodle told him, and when he heard of Gonzalez's death he gave a start.

"I knew him well," he said. "A brave man, but relentless. He believed that rebels and traitors should be shot down when found with arms in their hands."

"Yes, no doubt about that. We Americans believe that such as he should be shot on general principles. The right to appeal to the sword belongs to every people. This is the nineteenth century, captain, and people should cease to be savages."

"Treason is punished with death by every nation on earth, senor."

"Did you ever hear of anybody being put to death for treason in the United States, captain?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"No, yet it is the law of nations."

"Well, we Americans make a little pretension to civilization. Spain has shocked the world by her rule in Cuba, and we intend to put an end to it."

"You will not find it an easy thing to do, senor."

"Perhaps not, but we'll do it all the same. We shall not dodge you as the Cubans have had to do; we are going to go right at you and hammer you into the earth, captain."

They reached the camp that night, and the Spanish officer was turned over to the commandant of the post as a prisoner of war. The manner in which he was treated astonished him. But when he was told that Yankee Doodle was the drummer boy of a New

York regiment, he thought some Yankee joke was being played on him.

"It can't be true," he said to the captain of the guard.

"I can assure you that it is true," returned the American officer, "and the other youth who was with him is his fifer."

"If you have officers why send such as he out in command of detachments?" the prisoner asked.

"He was not sent out, he asked permission to go, and the Cubans, who are not in our army, wanted him."

Still, the captain believed the story had been told him in order to humiliate him, having been captured by Yankee Doodle, and it took him some time to make up his mind that it was true.

The enemy was so enraged at the result of the raid that they sent a body of soldiers to hold the village of Calvario, and thus prevent any more of that sort of business. They very promptly threw up breastworks across the road, and planted cannon there, determined to hold it at any cost.

The American general was not supposed to let that thing go on. It looked like a challenge to battle, and he very promptly took steps to drive the enemy back into the city.

The New York regiment, with two others of the brigade, were ordered to take the fort by assault.

Yankee Doodle was told by the colonel the night before not to leave camp, as there would soon be work for him to do.

Early the next morning the entire brigade was under arms. Joe and Yankee Doodle were on hand with fife and drum.

"By George, Joe!" said Yankee Doodle, "I believe we are in for it to-day."

"But where is the enemy?" Joe asked, very much puzzled.

"I guess it's that dirt fort over at Calvario."

"Oh, then we've got a march of several miles ahead of us?"

"Yes."

The regiments were uniformed in brown linen suits on account of the heat of the climate. They were no longer the boys in blue, but were now the boys in brown.

When Yankee Doodle and the fifer took their places at the head of the regiment the drummer looked down the line and sung:

"Blanco, the brownies are coming!"

The whole regiment roared with laughter, officers included. The next moment the drum tapped the step and the march began.

It was a ten mile tramp, but the boys laughed and joked all the way. They were going to tackle the Spaniards for the first time and were happy. Some of them were to fall in front of those earthworks, but that thought did not daunt them in the least.

When they came in sight of the fort they saw it bristling with cannon and the swarthy Spaniards be-

hind them. The general waited till his line was formed and then gave the order to advance.

With a yell the whole line pressed forward.

Instantly the cannons of the fort belched forth, and the iron balls tore through the ranks, cutting gaps that were instantly closed up.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

How the big guns roared!

By some strange fatality they had the exact range, and each discharge meant death to many brave Americans. But they never faltered.

Suddenly Yankee Doodle dashed on in advance, sounding the charge on his drum and steadily facing the enemy. The soldiers looked at him, expecting every moment to see him go down. But he pressed on toward the foot of the breastworks.

Suddenly he looked back and sung out:

"Take the fort, boys!"

They yelled and dashed over the breastwork like a flood, sweeping the Spaniards away like chaff. On the top of the works Yankee Doodle beat the charge furiously, yelling:

"At 'em, boys!"

Then he saw the Spanish flag still flying.

He sprang to it and hauled it down, rolled it up, laid it on the ground, stood on it and changed the tune to Yankee Doodle. How the tune stirred the hearts of the brave fellows!

They yelled—every man of them—and dashed at the Spaniards, who stubbornly contested every inch of ground, and put them to flight. A couple of hundred surrendered. But Yankee Doodle roared out over the scene unceasingly, now with a triumphant ring about it.

By and by some of the boys saw that he was standing on the Spanish flag, beating Yankee Doodle with all his might. They gathered around him, cheering for:

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!"

Then they seized and bore him on their shoulders. He sung out:

"Three cheers for Uncle Sam!"

They were given with a will.

"Boys, you did well!" he sung out to the soldiers. "I am proud of you! I'll tell my Uncle Sam about you!"

Then they laughed.

But where was the fifer all this time?

He started with Yankee Doodle, but soon fell. He was lying out there on the ground, stunned by a bullet which had glanced hard against his head.

CHAPTER V.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—THE BOGUS SPANISH WIDOW.

YANKEE DOODLE was about to go over the breastworks and search for Joe, when he saw him mount the works, blood streaming down over the left side of

his face and down on his brown linen uniform. He had the fife in his hand. Straightening himself up he stood by the gun, put the fife to his lips and began Hail Columbia.

"My drum! My drum!" cried Yankee Doodle, breaking away from the boys. Someone tossed the drum to him, and he scrambled up by the side of the brave fifer. The next moment the drum and fife filled the air with the martial strains of the grand national tune. The soldiers grew frantic in their wild cheering. Quick as a flash the tune changed to Yankee Doodle, and the cheering went on wilder than ever to the end of the tune.

"They knocked me over, boys," said Joe, "but I've played Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle on their breastworks—as I intended to do when we started."

"Hurrah for Joe Bailey!" yelled Sergeant McGuff. "I'll lick the man who doesn't cheer 'im!"

They cheered, and Joe, weak from loss of blood, sank down on the cannon and gasped for water.

"One of Uncle Sam's game chickens!" cried Yankee Doodle, as a canteen full of water was passed to the fifer.

"A gamer one never lived!" cried a lieutenant, coming up at the moment.

"True for you, lieutenant," put in Sergeant McGuff. "Faith, an' ye've got to kill 'im stone dead to stop 'im!"

Those of the enemy who escaped from the fort retreated rapidly for the main line of works. The Americans did not pursue them, as they did not want to draw the fire there before they were ready for the grand assault. They threw out skirmishers and proceeded to look after their wounded. There were sixty men wounded and twenty-seven killed. Of the enemy fifty-eight were killed and one hundred and seventeen wounded and over two hundred captured.

Every house in the village was used as a hospital for the wounded.

Joe Bailey's wound was dressed in the fort as he sat on a camp stool. It was a painful wound, but by no means serious, the bullet having glanced and torn up the skin for a couple of inches.

"I thought a cannon ball had taken my head off," he said to the surgeon who was dressing it.

"I think you have a pretty sound head," said the surgeon.

"See if it's level, doctor," Joe asked.

"Yes, I think it is."

"Well, I didn't know—glad to find it out," was the reply.

"It came very near knocking you off the earth, my boy," remarked the surgeon.

"Yes, but as long as it didn't crack the shell I'm all right."

"Oh, the shell is all right," and the surgeon laughed.

Night came on and one regiment was placed on duty during the time, between the fort and the Spaniards, but six miles away. The general was apprehensive of a night attack and was prepared for it.

Water was scarce, and all night long Cuban women were bringing water to the wounded. Yankee Doodle was looking after Joe, who was feverish from his wound, and frequently went after water for him.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said old Pedro to him, "she is here again and looking for you."

"Who?"

"Senorita Dolores, senor."

"Ah! I had forgotten about her," and he seemed annoyed. "Where is she, Pedro?"

"I have not seen her, senor, but some of the men have. She is in her proper dress, but keeps her face pretty well concealed. She seems to be looking for someone."

"She is looking for me, of course. Do you know where I can get a woman's dress, Pedro?"

"Si, senor. Do you want one?"

"For a few hours—yes."

The old man went away, to return half an hour later with some female clothes, which he gave to Yankee Doodle. It did not take him long to get into them. The gloom of starlight concealed any defects in the disguise, and he went among the women unsuspected. In a few minutes he found Dolores, who was going about with a water-bottle, pretending to be looking for someone. He kept close to her, and saw that she was scanning the faces of the men she met.

"Are you looking for any one, senora?" he asked her, in a low voice.

"Si, senora. I am looking for Senor Yankee Doodle. I heard he was wounded."

"He is not wounded, senora. I have just seen him. It was the fifer who was wounded, not he."

"Where did you see him, senora?"

"He was going by me when I saw him, and I heard him say he would go to the well for water."

"Which well?"

"I don't know, but he went into the main street out there."

"I'll go and look there for him," and she turned away and hurried out to the main street of the village. He followed her and noticed how she watched closely every man who passed.

"Do you know him, senorita?" he asked her.

"Si, senora. I know him well."

"Then I will leave you."

"Don't tell him any one is looking for him, please."

"No, senora," and he went away to put off the dress that so hampered his movements. Then he went back right up to her, saying:

"Ah, senorita! I heard you were looking for me."

"Si, senor!" and she struck at his breast with a dagger.

But he was on his guard. He caught her by the wrist and wrenched the weapon from her hand.

"You are still angry, I see."

"Si, senor—to the death!" she hissed, as she stood panting before him.

"Is it right that you should do so, senorita?"

"Yes, for I have sworn it."

"But you should not have sworn it, senorita. Do

you know that Blanco sent a flag of truce with a request for Gonzalez's body?"

"No!"

"Well, he did, and the officer with the flag said that Gonzalez's wife had begged for the body and——"

"It's a lie!" she gasped. "He had no wife! He loved me!"

"I know nothing about it, *senorita*, save what the officer said. A dozen men heard him say it. Shall I send some of them to you to prove it?"

"No!" and she pressed her hands over her heart, as if to still its wild emotions. No—no—he had no wife!"

"The request was refused for the present," continued he, "but permission was granted the widow to see the grave of her husband. You may see her when she comes."

She was silent. The quiet way in which he told the story half convinced her of the truth of it. Yet she would not believe it true.

"Shall I let you know when she comes, *senorita*?" he asked.

She turned fiercely on him, with:

"You are trying to break my heart, *Senor Americano*. You can't do it! It is dead—in his grave—and I live but to avenge him."

"Better first find out whether he was worth the love of a true woman," returned Yankee Doodle, and then he bowed to her and walked away.

He lost no time in hunting up old Pedro, whom he found over among the Cuban soldiers.

"Pedro, I want you to help me dispose of *Senorita Dolores*. Will you do it?"

"Si, *senor*," answered the old Cuban, "I will do what you say."

"You know why she seeks my life, do you not?"

"Si, *senor*."

"Well, I've just seen her and she says she has sworn to avenge her lover's death. I fear no man on earth, but I do fear a woman, for I cannot strike back at her. To change the current of her hate I told her he had a wife in Havana, who is now his widow. She won't believe it. Now, I want you to go to *Senorita Inez* for me, tell her all, and ask her to get some handsome *senorita* who is not known here in Calvario, to come here for an hour and pose as the widow of Gonzalez, see his grave and weep over it. That will knock out Dolores, and her love may turn to hate. She may even thank me for not saving his life."

"Si, *senor*," and the old Cuban grinned. "You are young, *senor*, but you know something about women."

"I don't know a thing about 'em, *Senor Pedro*," he protested. "They are a riddle to me. But *Senorita Inez Alvarez* says she owes me her life, and I believe she will help me out in this little game. Go and see her and bring me her answer."

The old man was soon on the way to the Alvarez plantation, some eighteen miles in the rear of the American army. *Senorita Inez Alvarez*, daughter of

one of the richest planters in Cuba, was a beautiful girl of eighteen years of age, whom Yankee Doodle had twice saved from the Spaniards, and who regarded him in the light of a brilliant soldier, a hero, and enshrouded in a halo of chivalric romance.

She was surprised at seeing the old patriot when he reached the plantation.

"Oh, Pedro!" she exclaimed. "Do you bring me news of *Senor Yankee Doodle*?"

"Si, *senorita*. He sends greeting to you. He is well and has won fame in battle with the Spaniards," and then he told her the story he had been sent to tell.

Her big black eyes snapped.

Yes—she would aid her hero. She would risk her life for him, even as he had twice risked his for her.

"Yes, Pedro. I will play the widow myself," she said. "I will go with you. And I'll put a woman's wit against a woman's hate. Wait till I put on the garb of a widow. Go and eat and rest. I will be ready when you are."

"Si, *senorita*. *Senor Yankee Doodle* will be a happy man when he sees you."

"Pedro, does he speak of me?"

"Si, *senorita*. He not only speaks of you, but thinks of you, dreams of you as the most beautiful *senorita* in all Cuba."

Her face flushed and a glad light flashed in her eyes.

The wily old Cuban read the secret of her heart, and knew that she was going to pit her wits against one of her own sex for the sake of the brave young American.

He ate a breakfast, and then laid down to sleep an hour or two.

Refreshed, he soon reported to *Senorita Inez* that he was ready to go. He placed her in her saddle, and then mounted his own steed.

That evening they were in the American camp. She was the guest of the colonel of the New York regiment, who was very much amazed at seeing her there.

"*Senor colonel*," she said, as he greeted her, "I have come to see *Senor Yankee Doodle*."

"I will send for him," the colonel said.

But old Pedro had hastened to inform the drummer boy of her presence in camp.

"Great Scott and Hail Columbia!" he gasped, when the old man told him she had come to play the widow herself. "Who'd have thought it?" and he hastened to brush up before appearing before her.

Then he went to the colonel's quarters, when he seized her hand, pressed it to his lips and made a low bow so well and gracefully, that the officers present were astonished.

"You have honored the entire regiment, *senorita*," he said. "We would have paraded in your honor had we known you were coming."

"You are kind, *senor*," she laughed.

Then he had a few moments' conversation with her, after which he took the colonel into his confidence

and told him why the senorita was there in the camp. The colonel was dumfounded.

"See here, Phil," he said, "I hope you are not going to start a war among the women of Cuba."

"It is already on, colonel. The women of Cuba have taken sides with the men—is it not so, senorita?"

"It is true, senor colonel," she answered. "But the women will shed no blood."

"Nor pull hair," suggested the colonel, laughing.

"No," she smiled.

Then it was arranged that she was to go to the grave of the Spanish officer on the morrow, pretending to be his widow, escorted by an officer and a file of soldiers. Yankee Doodle was to stay in the background and see what effect it would have on the Senorita Dolores.

CHAPTER VI.

YANKEE DOODLE'S GAME IS A SUCCESS.

OLD Pedro let it be known among the women of the village that the widow of Captain Gonzalez, who was buried there, had come out from Havana, under a flag of truce, to see his grave and get any mementoes of him that might be left there.

Of course, Dolores was soon in possession of the story, and she determined to find out if it was true. She asked for an interview with the widow at once the next morning, and it was granted, the meeting to take place at the headquarters of the regiment. She came accompanied by her mother.

When she saw Senorita Inez she paled, for she recognized her beauty at a glance.

Senorita Inez was dressed as a widow, and her face wore an expression of supreme sadness.

"Are you Senora Gonzalez?" Dolores asked in Spanish.

"Si, senorita."

"The wife of Captain Bernardo Gonzalez, of the Spanish army?"

"Si, senorita."

"He told me he was not married, and asked me to be his wife, and I promised him I would."

Senorita Inez sprang to her feet with an expression of indignation in her face, exclaiming:

"How dare you asperse the dead? My husband was a loyal soldier and a loyal husband! I will not listen to such a silly story!" and she turned her back on her with an expression of scorn in her voice. It was well acted.

"Senora, we were both deceived by a villain," said Dolores in a calm but determined tone of voice. "I loved him. He said he loved me and I believed him. I sought to avenge his death. We are both victims. Curses on his memory! May——"

"No—no—no!" cried Inez, wheeling round and extending both hands toward Dolores. "Let the dead rest! Let the faults and frailties of his life die with him!" and she covered her face with her hands and dropped into a seat, as if utterly overcome by the interview.

Dolores turned and glided out of the tent, followed

by her mother. She met Yankee Doodle some distance away, and said:

"Senor Americano, I've seen Senora Gonzalez. You were right. Will you forgive me?"

"With all my heart, senorita," he replied. "And—and you have my deepest sympathy. Some men are bad, very bad—unworthy of the name of man."

"Si, senor—some are fiends who feast on women's hearts and souls. *Adios*, senor! I may never see you again!"

"*Adios*, senorita! I wish you more happiness and long life."

She shook her head, but made no further reply, going away, and was soon out of sight.

"She is convinced he was a gay deceiver," he said to himself, "and yet she is the one who is now deceived. Where is the harm now that he is dead? Loyalty to the dead is but a sentiment, but one revered by all mankind. She may love again and be happy, for she is but a beautiful animal. God help the man she marries, though, for she is dangerous—very dangerous."

He hastened to the colonel's tent to see the senorita.

The colonel grasped his hand, saying:

"You missed the finest bit of acting ever seen in this age, my boy."

"Ah!—Was she satisfied?"

"Yes—completely. She denounced Gonzalez as a villain and then went away."

"Senorita," said Yankee Doodle turning to Inez, "you have removed a most dangerous enemy from my path," and he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I am glad for your sake, senor," she replied. "You saved me thrice from a horrible fate. I could not do less for you. I must visit the grave of that man now."

"And I must not be with you," said he.

"I will go as her escort," said the colonel, and an hour later he led her there. Many Cuban women were there eager to see her, but she kept her face concealed lest someone should recognize her as Inez Alvarez.

Senorita Dolores was in the crowd watching her to see how she would behave under such circumstances. Inez pretended to weep and be in the deepest grief, keeping her face well concealed all the time.

Then she was led away and the farce was over. Senorita Dolores was convinced that Gonzalez had been false to her and to his lawful wife. She never mentioned his name again. But she did not look like one whose heart was broken, for she was one with a marvelous will power.

Soon after returning to the colonel's quarters, Senorita Inez prepared to return to her home. Yankee Doodle asked permission to be one of her escort, and it was granted.

With a small party of Cubans she left the camp, and Yankee Doodle rode all the way by her side.

On reaching her home, they were all royally enter-

tained by her mother, and were not permitted to leave before the next day. Then she said to him:

"Senor, you will not forget that all we have is at your command. If we can serve you in any way, you are to let us do so. My parents are as grateful to you as I am."

"Thanks, senorita! You have already done me a service no one else could have done so well. I don't know how to thank you in a way to show how deeply grateful I am."

"Ah, senor, how much have I felt that way, too! I am yet at a loss to know how to let you know the depth of my gratitude to you, who have done so much for me."

"You will let me come here to see you when this war is ended, senorita?"

"Si, senor. If you think enough of me to do so, that thought will make me the happiest girl in all Cuba."

"Senorita, to look upon your face, to hear your voice and feel the touch of your hand, is a happiness I cannot describe—I can only feel it."

"Then come and see me as often as you can, senor. Your presence is a joy to me also."

So they parted—both happy as the birds that sang everywhere in the trees about them.

All the way back to the camp Yankee Doodle was quiet, saying little and doing a lot of thinking—such as he had never done before in all his life.

On reaching camp, Yankee Doodle went in search of Joe Bailey, the fifer. Joe had a very sore head where the Mauser bullet had plowed a furrow on his scalp. He had a huge bouquet of flowers by his side when Yankee Doodle entered the tent.

"Hello, Joe! Who is the girl?" he asked, when he saw the flowers.

"You ought to know—they are for you," said Joe.

"The deuce!" and he examined the flowers. They were beautiful and fragrant. "Who sent them, Joe?"

"Senorita Dolores."

"Eh!" and he laid them down on the drum-head.

"Yes; they came from her for senor Yankee Doodle," laughed Joe.

"Well!" gasped he, looking at them, "I'm staggered!"

"You'll be worse staggered, old man, if you have anything to do with those dark-eyed senoritas," and Joe laughed in spite of his sore head.

"Staggered is no name for it, Joe, I'm jiggered!"

"That's worse. You'd better see the doctor," advised Joe. "It may develop into yellow fever, or something of—"

"Oh, dry up!" and Phil took up the flowers and examined them minutely.

"They are all right," remarked Joe, "fresh and crisp. I sent word to her you were out, but would acknowledge the receipt of the flowers when you came in."

"I am sorry you did not send them back, saying

we were not allowed to receive bouquets from the ladies."

"What! Are you clear daft!" and Joe looked up at him in no little surprise.

"Joe, I'm afraid of that woman," and Yankee Doodle shook his head as he sat down near the drum on which the flowers were lying.

"Oh, she's all right now. Her Bernardo is dead, and I guess she wants a Yankee Doodle as his successor."

"Well, if she gets after me that way, I'll resign and go home. I'm afraid of her, Joe."

Joe laughed. He knew all about the game that Inez had played as the widow of the dead Spanish officer, and how it had worked on the dusky Dolores. Yankee Doodle was quiet all the evening. He had been very quiet all the way back from the home of Inez Alvarez, and now he was even more so.

A day or two later American papers reached the camp, and in every one he was praised as the hero of Calvario. The whole army was reading about him and Joe. The fifer came in for nearly as much praise as the drummer did. One paper had a picture of them playing Yankee Doodle on top of the enemy's breastworks, while the blood was trickling down the fifer's face from the wound on his head. It was a striking picture, and thrilled thousands of brave soldiers when they saw it in camp.

"Say, Joe, it makes you famous," said Yankee Doodle.

"It will frighten mother, though," said Joe, as he looked at the picture.

"Oh, she'll know you are all right when she sees you were able to fife it after you were hit."

"All the same no mother likes to hear that her boy is hit. Then she will say, 'he may be killed next time,' and the suspense is awful for a mother."

"Yes—yes—so it must be. We must both write home at once, Joe," and they did.

A week passed and Yankee Doodle saw nothing of Senorita Dolores. He hoped he would never see her again, as her several attempts on his life had caused him to fear her more than any one he had ever met.

But one day he met her face to face with two other women. Their eyes met, and he saw that she had been suffering, for there was a sadness in her eyes he had never seen there before, and she was pale and thin. He raised his hat to her, and she bowed in return, and stopped to extend her hand to him.

"I am glad to see you, senor," she said, "and want to hear you say again that you have forgiven me."

"Freely, senorita, and with all my heart. I would be more glad to call you my friend than all the Spanish soldiers in Cuba."

"I am truly your friend, senor, and a friend of your people."

"Are you also a friend to free Cuba?"

"Si, senor. He cured me of my love for Spain and all Spaniards."

"Ah! They are all a bad lot, senorita."

"Si, senor, but I didn't know it."

"That is why your people are trying to drive all Spaniards out of the island. They are but little better than savages, senorita."

"When will your army move on the city, senor?"

"No one but the general knows, senorita. Military secrets are closely guarded."

"Will there be any more fighting here, senor?"

"Not unless the enemy comes here to attack us."

"Will they do that, senor?"

"One can never tell what the Spaniards will do. They don't seem to have the good sense that other nations have."

"But if they come will your army stay here and fight?"

"I guess so, as we are not in the habit of running away from the enemy," and he laughed softly. "But I hardly think they will come out of their works to attack us. They seem to be waiting for us to attack them."

"They have a very large army in the city, senor—very large."

"Si, senorita, but we know just how many they are, how much they have to eat and how long they can hold out without a battle. By waiting we can starve them out, but thousands of women and children would starve also."

"Si, senor. It is better to take the city now than cause so many to suffer."

"Have you been in the city to-day?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, senor," and she looked him full in the face as she spoke. "I am no longer a spy."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE—"THAT'S WHAT WE ARE HERE FOR!"

YANKEE DOODLE was at a loss to understand the senorita. He had never met one like her before. She was now sad-eyed and womanly, yet he had seen her charging fiercely at the head of Spanish cavalry, with a dash that he had never known equalled by any man. He had seen her horse shot from under her, and saw her go down with him among the heaps of dead and dying.

She saw the puzzled look in his eyes, and said:

"Senor, I would do nothing for them—nothing. I would serve Cuba—if I could."

"Say you so, senorita!"

"Si, senor. I hate *all* Spaniards."

"Senorita, a woman should never let hate enter her soul. She should have nothing to do with war. Men may admire Amazons, but they never love them. You are a woman—a very beautiful woman. Remain such for your own safety and—happiness. Love will come again. Some day an American soldier may lay his heart at your feet."

He would have said more but a messenger came running to him with an order from the colonel of the regiment to hurry to his post at once.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"They say the Spaniards are coming!" said the messenger.

"Then there'll be a fight. Senorita, you had better seek a place of safety at once," and he hurried away to the fort. He found the regiments under arms, and seizing his drum beat Hail Columbia while Joe, his head still bandaged, fied it with more energy than ever before in his life.

The captured fort being some five miles away from any other support, the Spanish generals conceived the idea of pouncing upon it, capture it, and return to their lines ere the main army of the invaders could come up to its assistance. They came ten thousand strong, while only two thousand seven hundred Americans were there to defend the fort.

The scouts had come in with the report that the entire Spanish army was on the move. The American general saw at once that he was to be attacked by an overwhelming force. He sent couriers to the main army, and then prepared to defend the forts to the last.

The enemy came on in dense masses, and when they saw that the Americans meant to fight, they yelled with joy, for they believed they were numerous enough to run over the fort in one wild rush.

"Steady, men!" called out the general, as he saw the Spaniards massing for the assault. "We'll lay out about half of that crowd in ten minutes."

When they came in range, the guns on the breastworks began to belch forth flame and iron. Our gunners had their range, and great gaps were made in their ranks at each discharge. But the enemy expected that, and never hesitated. They rushed on, and by and by the rifles began to hand out lead to them. The front lines melted away like snow on a hot oven.

How the volleys rolled all along the breastworks! And how the men cheered as the enemy's line went down! Still the Spaniards pushed on—to certain death. It was certain now that they would try to scale the earthworks and overwhelm the Americans by superior numbers. The popping of the rifles was incessant.

Yankee Doodle saw that it was going to be a hand to hand fight. He began beating Yankee Doodle and the shrill fife screamed above the roar of the battle like the eagle pouncing upon his prey.

The brave defenders cheered and braced for the tug. Suddenly Yankee Doodle sung out to them:

"Fire fast! Mow 'em down!"

The magazine rifles seemed to be torches in the hands of the Americans, so fast did they belch flame and smoke from their muzzles.

Flesh and blood could not stand it.

The Spaniards broke and fled, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and dying.

The Americans howled good-bys at them, and the drummer and fifer mounted the breastworks and gave them Yankee Doodle, while the cannon still boomed like huge bull dogs.

They were rallied by their officers and started up the hill again, and again the terrible work of death

went on as before. The brave fellows went down in death all along the line, a useless sacrifice of life, for American soldiers were not to be beaten that day. They were protected by the breastworks the enemy themselves had thrown up.

Again they broke and fled, and again Yankee Doodle sprang upon the breastworks and gave them music to run by, while the shrill fife screamed defiance at them.

"They won't come back, boys!" cried Yankee Doodle. "Hurrah for Uncle Sam and his eagle!"

The men cheered like a roar of tigers.

Then they cheered the drummer who had kept his Yankee Doodle going all through both assaults.

"The last thing they heard was Yankee Doodle! Good tune to die by, eh, boys! Whoop! Whoop! Hooray for my Uncle Sam!" and his wild enthusiasm set the men going at a high pitch.

But the defenders of the works lost some good men—some two score being killed and nearly one hundred wounded. Out there on the ground, though, lay nearly a thousand Spaniards, more than half of whom were dead—all in the space in front of the works. The groans of the wounded filled the air.

It was a frightful scene to look upon.

The enemy retreated back to the city satisfied that the Americans had come to fight, and knew how to fight.

Scouts were again sent out, and then the care of the wounded was the first thing in order.

Again the houses in the village were used as hospitals, and again the women became ministering angels.

Senorita Dolores ran up to the colonel of Yankee Doodle's regiment, saying:

"Senor Colonel, our house is at your service, but if you put any Spaniards in it I'll kill them!"

"How about our boys, senorita?" he asked.

"I'll care for them as I would for my own brothers. Trust me, Senor Colonel."

"I will, senorita. You shall have as many as you can care for."

"We can care for four. We have room for no more."

She met Yankee Doodle and put out her hand to him, with:

"I am glad you escaped unharmed, senor. I am glad you won."

"Thanks, senorita. It was a hot fight while it lasted. We are here to see the Spaniards go, and they have got to go!"

"Ah, it's awful!" and she put her hands to her ears to shut out the sounds of groans and cries of wounded men. Everyone wanted water. It is the first thing a wounded soldier calls for, and so men ran here, there, everywhere, with water for them as fast as they could get it.

The general came to the regiment who held the center of the defense and sung out:

"Men of New York, I knew you would take care of your part, so I said nothing to you. I thank you in

the name of the whole army. Your drummer never missed a note and your fifer took the place of the American eagle, screaming defiance all through the fight!"

"That's what we are here for!" cried Yankee Doodle, and all the men cheered lustily.

"Yes," returned the general, "and as we all know what we are here for we must do it with all our might, just as we have done this day. Remember, that at all times I rely on you to obey orders and lick the enemy."

"That's what we are here for!" cried Yankee Doodle again, followed by a roar of laughter in which the general himself joined.

"In a few days we shall march on the City of Havana and avenge the Maine and her murdered dead."

"That's what we are here for!" roared a thousand voices in a fierce outburst of patriotic indignation. He had touched the one subject which rankled in their hearts and the bare mention of it aroused them to a fierce thirst for vengeance.

It was a terrible defeat for the enemy, and the retreat to the cover of his lines was quick. He had failed in his purpose, though he had four to one in his favor.

Half an hour after the battle a brigade from the American camp, six miles away, came up at a double-quick, panting heavily over the run. When the men saw the ground covered with dead or dying Spaniards they knew it was over and the battle won. They cheered frantically, and Yankee Doodle and his fifer welcomed them with "Hail Columbia" from the top of the breastworks.

The day was spent in burying the dead, for in that warm latitude the dead must be buried quickly. Yankee Doodle and Joe went among the wounded Americans to see if any of their friends were there. They found two whom they knew in New York, and did what they could for them. They went from house to house looking for others, and at last entered the home of Senorita Dolores.

"Welcome, senors," she said to them.

"Do you need any help, senorita?" he asked her.

"We need food for them, senor," she said. "We have none in the house that is suitable for wounded men to eat."

"You shall have it, senorita," said Yankee Doodle, and then he went to the four wounded men there. They declared her an angel of tenderness and womanly sympathy.

"I am glad you have such a good nurse," he said. They did not know her past as he did.

He went at once to the colonel of the regiment, told him of the lack of food in the home of Dolores, who was caring tenderly for four wounded Americans.

"I'll see the commissary," said the colonel, and he hurried away at once.

Two hours later the supplies were sent to the house, and the mother proceeded to cook such dainty dishes as she knew how, while the daughter administered to the men only as a tender nurse could.

"Senor, we want you to go with us," said old Pedro, tapping Yankee Doodle on the shoulder as he came out of the house of Dolores.

"Where are you going, Pedro?"

"To communicate with Gomez."

"Ah!"

"Si, senor. Your general is waiting for him to come up before attacking the city."

"Then we want him quickly," and he hurried off to see the colonel of the regiment, as he could not leave without his permission. Said the colonel:

"Yes—with them, by all means. A Captain Velasco will command them, and you must not do anything to interfere with his authority."

"I am not sure I ought to go then, colonel," said Yankee Doodle. "They want me to command them as in the other trips we took, and it might offend the captain."

"You had better see about that before going, then," suggested the colonel. "Velasco, is a brave young officer, I hear, and has hopes of promotion. You must not do anything to give offense."

Yankee Doodle hastened to see old Pedro, and told the old man about Velasco going in command.

"Captain Velasco has a command of one hundred Cubans, senor, who belong to the Cuban army. We Cubans who have not yet been organized and assigned, want you to lead us. We have faith in your good fortune. We number about two hundred men now, and I am their leader, with the understanding that you are to command whenever you are with us."

"Then I'll go. Velasco can take his men and push on ahead to find Gomez. I would rather stay near here and harass the Spaniards near Guanabacoa, where we captured Captain Barca."

"Si, senor. Captain Velasco has asked us all to go with him. What shall we say to him?"

"If the men wish to go with him let 'em go."

"I will see them," and he went off to see his compatriots.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESCUE—"CUBA'S DAY OF TRIUMPH IS NEAR AT HAND!"

WHEN Captain Velasco was told that the Cubans wanted Yankee Doodle to go with them, he said that he had no objection—if he would pledge himself to obey orders from him.

"I am in the American army," said Yankee Doodle, when told of it. "He is not. I can't serve under him unless ordered to do so by my superior officer."

He was not even ordered to go—was simply permitted—so Velasco said he didn't want him, and at once left with his command.

"That's all right," said Yankee Doodle. "We'll go where we please and do as we please, being outside the lines of our army."

He left an hour later with two hundred Cubans, going east in the same direction taken by Velasco. He kept scouts before and behind, enjoining vigilance upon both parties.

"A sudden surprise means ruin," he said to them; "and it is the one thing we want to avoid."

That night they encamped at a sugar plantation on which every house had been destroyed for more than a year. But there were wells and springs on the place, and the road gave them the means of communication east and west. A strong guard was put out in every direction, and the men laid down to rest.

The night passed, and the sun rose in a cloudless sky. They were about to set out for the day's march when two Cubans came in, saying they were all that were left of Velasco's command. The rest were either dead or captured, having been surprised during the night by a detachment of Spanish volunteers from Guanabacoa.

Yankee Doodle was amazed at the news and consulted with old Pedro. The old patriot had unbounded faith in the young American.

"Fight, senor," he said.

"But I don't know how strong they are, Pedro. If we rush in on a superior force we, too, might be destroyed. I will send out and see if we can find out their strength," and he sent out ten men as scouts, telling them to report to him at that place.

As soon as they were gone he moved his men to a dense woods, leaving a few scouts behind to communicate with any friends that might show up. The woods were but a half mile away.

About noon news came back that the volunteers who had routed Velasco were marching back to Guanabacoa with their prisoners.

"Do you know by what road they are going?" he asked of the scout bringing the news.

"Si, senor. It is called the coast-road. It runs near the coast all the way from Cardenas to Havana."

"Do you know that road, Pedro?" Yankee Doodle asked of the old patriot.

"Si, senor."

"Can we head them off?"

The old man turned to the scout and questioned him in a few words.

"We might, senor, if we go fast," he replied to the question.

"Can we go fast?"

"It's a rough road and a narrow one across there," and he motioned northward as he spoke.

"Well, let's try it, anyhow. Velasco did not want us yesterday. He may be glad to see us to-day."

In ten minutes they were on the move.

They went back about a mile and then turned northward, following a rough, narrow road which no wheeled vehicle could pass over.

"Move fast, men!" cried Yankee Doodle, and they did, the two hundred men being strung out in a line five hundred yards in length. Pedro and a dozen others led the way.

They made the seven miles in two hours, a very difficult feat, indeed.

On seeing the main road Yankee Doodle was satisfied the enemy had not passed. He accordingly sought out a good place in which to await their arrival, and

when he had found it, he distributed the men in such a way as to give them a complete command of the road.

"Now, all of you lie down and rest," he said to them. "You are very tired and need all the rest you can get."

They obeyed him promptly.

Two hours passed and then two men in Spanish uniforms came dashing up going to Guanabacoa.

Yankee Doodle with five men dashed out into the road and intercepted them, with:

"Halt, señors!"

They saw five rifles covering them and knew that resistance was useless.

"Si, señor," they replied.

They were led into the woods and searched.

They bore dispatches to the commandant at Guanabacoa from a Major Delgado, saying he had met a band of one hundred insurgents and captured seventy, killing and wounding the balance, and that he would bring the prisoners in during the day.

"We'll wait here for them," said Yankee Doodle, when the dispatch was translated for him.

They had to wait there some three hours more ere the enemy appeared.

They were moving in a way that showed they had no suspicion of the presence of an enemy in many miles of them. The prisoners were all bound like criminals, and were made to march in front under guard, with Velasco in the lead.

When the prisoners had passed, the volunteers came along, singing patriotic Spanish songs and jesting with each other. Just at the right moment Yankee Doodle sang out:

"*Cuba Libre!*"

Ere the sound of his voice died away one hundred rifles poured a leaden hail into them.

They were appalled by the deadly shower, as many a man sank down in his tracks to rise no more.

Just a few seconds later, a second volley of one hundred rifles decimated their ranks still more, and then the rush to surround the prisoners was made.

In ten minutes the fight was over, and the prisoners were freed.

"Yankee Doodle! Yankee Doodle!" the Cubans yelled, when they saw who commanded them.

Velasco was unbound, and as soon as he could use his hands, he grasped Yankee Doodle, saying:

"You saved us, señor. They would have shot us at Guanabacoa."

"Which shows what savages they are, capitan," he replied.

"Si, señor. They are simply that and nothing more."

"What will you do now?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Push on to the commander-in-chief, as fast as I can."

"That's right. If you get into trouble let me know—and see here, capitan, put out guards in every direction when you go into camp. It's the only way to avoid disaster."

In half an hour they were off on the march again. Some of his men did not want to go, but they had no discretion in the matter. They had to obey orders.

"Now, boys, we'll go back to the other road to avoid the enemy. They will be in in a few hours, and we'll let them bury the dead. We never lost a man. Let every man take a rifle and all the cartridges he can find."

They quickly obeyed him and then they vanished into the woods.

But they did not travel so fast as they had come. They had extra arms to carry and did not have the same incentive as when they were going the other way.

Suddenly they heard a deep boom in the direction of Havana that sounded like distant thunder rolling over the island. Then came another and another. Havana was miles away, and Yankee Doodle knew that those booms did not come from field pieces. They were either the big guns of Morro Castle or else of the American fleet.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

The Cubans listened and looked inquiringly at the young American.

He, too, was listening, and—thinking—thinking hard.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom! Boom—boom—bo-o-o-om!

A score of big guns seemed to be going at once.

What an eager, expectant look was on every swarthy face that was turned toward the young American at that moment.

"Cubans!" he sung out at the top of his voice, "Morro Castle is crumbling away under the guns of Sampson's fleet! We must go back and be in the battle that is close at hand. Cuba's day of triumph is near at hand!"

"*Cuba Libre!*" they roared, with a fierce energy that told how intensely were they wrought up.

"Viva Americano!"

"Viva Yankee Doodle!"

He let them yell as much as they wished, and then resumed the march.

In a little while they struck the sugar plantation again, quenched their thirst at the wells, and then went on back toward Calvario.

For two hours the big guns roared ten or twelve miles away, and then ceased. The Cubans hurried on, so eager were they to take part in the battle by the land forces. Yankee Doodle had to restrain them.

"The battle has not been fought yet," he said to them. "It may not be till Gomez joins our army with his. The fleet may have to knock Morro to pieces first and that may take two or three days."

Yet they wanted to run all the way, loaded with extra rifles as they were.

It was sunset when they struck Calvario again, tired and hungry.

"What news, Joe?" Yankee Doodle asked of the fifer as soon as he met him.

"Sampson has been knocking old Morro galley-west," replied Joe.

"I heard the guns and hurried back. What is the result?"

"I don't know. We haven't heard yet—at least, the men haven't."

"Is there any sign of an assault being made to-morrow?"

"None that I've seen. But everybody is looking out for orders every hour in the day. Did you have any fun out on the road?"

"Yes," and he told him about the capture and rescue of Velasco.

"That's a good one on Velasco," said Joe, laughing.

"Yes, but I don't know that he looks at it that way. He was good enough to say that we had saved them, though. I'm starving, Joe."

"There's plenty to eat in camp, I guess."

"Well, I'd like to get on the outside of some of it."

He managed to get something to satisfy his hunger, and then he sought the colonel and told him what had happened to Velasco. That officer at once sent the report to the general, to show what difficulties were in the way of forming a junction with the army of Gomez.

The next day he went to see the wounded men at the home of Senorita Dolores. She welcomed him with a smile, and asked what the news was from the city. He had none, and told her so.

"Some Cubans have heard that the Spaniards claim to have beaten off the fleet," she said.

"Yes, yes, they claim everything in sight, senorita. Wait till we start in on them, and you'll then know how we do things."

"Si, senor. I know already," she replied. "The Spaniards are brave, but they don't know how."

"There, my dear," he laughed, "you have got it down just right. They don't know how. We are going to show them soon. How are your patients getting along?"

"They are doing well, senor. Would you see them? One of them is in love with me already."

"How can he help it? You are beautiful."

"Si, senor?"

"Si, senorita," and he went in with her to where the wounded men lay. One of them seized her hand and held it, saying:

"Yankee Doodle, she is the best and kindest nurse in the world."

"You are fortunate then, comrade. Good nursing is worth all the medicine in the world."

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEWS FROM MANILA—THE ASSAULT.

THE four wounded men in the house of Senorita Dolores, were listening to Yankee Doodle's story of the

rescue of Velasco, when Joe Bailey, the fifer, came running in, his eyes blazing with excitement.

"News from home!" he cried. "Dewey met the Spanish fleet at Manila and sent every ship to the bottom!"

"Say!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, turning to the wounded men, "May I holler—just once?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the poor fellows.

"Senorita, may I yell in your house?"

"Si, senor."

"Whoop! Hooray for Dewey!"

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" cried Dolores, screaming almost as loud as he did. Joe joined, and so did the wounded men as best they could.

On a little table were two big iron spoons and some dishes.

Yankee Doodle seized the spoons.

"Take the dishes off, quick!"

Dolores took them away, and the next moment those iron spoons were hammering Yankee Doodle out of the table. Quick as a flash Joe whipped out his fife and joined him.

What a racket they raised.

The women and children in a dozen houses around ran out, wondering what had happened. Dolores caught the wild spirit of the moment, and cried out:

"Viva Americano!"

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

The little yard outside was soon filled with Cubans of both sexes. Inside, the four wounded men wept tears of joy.

Suddenly a surgeon entered on his rounds.

He caught Yankee Doodle by the collar and ran him out of the room and out of the house, angrily exclaiming:

"You'll kill the men!"

Senorita ran into the kitchen, seized a big tin dish pan, ran out after him, and held it bottom upwards before him.

Quick as a flash he rattled the iron spoons on it and went marching down the street. Joe's fife pierced the very Heavens with its shrill notes.

"Cuba Libre!" cried Dolores, as she marched by his side, holding the improvised drum for him. In a few minutes five hundred men, women and children were following them, yelling for Cuba and the Americans for all they were worth. Soon American soldiers joined them by scores, and many laughed at the tin pan drumming.

An officer, who had not heard the news, went to Yankee Doodle and ordered him to cease the racket, "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Haven't you heard the news?" Joe cried out to him.

"No—what is it?"

"Dewey has everlastingly smashed the Spanish fleet at Manila."

"Eh? What? Is it true?"

"It is true!" said Yankee Doodle.

"Hip—hip! Hooray!" and he waved his hat in the air.

The iron spoons resumed their work on the tin pan, and Dolores held it for him like a heroine. The news spread, and soon the whole army was a roaring mob. The mass of people was so great they could make no further progress. Then Yankee Doodle ceased beating and sung out:

"Three cheers for Dewey!"

How they roared!

"Viva Yankee Doodle!" cried Senorita Dolores, carried away by the excitement.

"Viva Senorita Dolores!" cried Joe, charmed by the actions of the dusky beauty. She blushed and seemed pleased as the Americans yelled and waved their hats at her.

They kept up the racket for some time, and then Yankee Doodle ceased beating the tin pan. He looked at it and saw that it had been ruined by the tattoo beaten upon it.

"I have ruined it, senorita," he said to her.

"Si, senor, but I'll keep it always," she replied.

"But I'll buy you another one."

"I must go back now to my patients," said she, making no reply to his offer to buy a new pan. He saw that she could not make her way through the crowd, so he led her round by another street and assisted her over a garden fence, passed the pan and spoons over to her and then hurried up to the camp in the fort, in quest of the particulars of the great battle at Manila. There he found officers and soldiers rejoicing over the news. Telegrams and papers had come over in a ship from Key West. There were letters for him from his mother and sister in far away New York, written before the battle was fought, and he crept away to read them.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as he read the loving messages from his mother and sister. They told him how the papers had praised him—how the neighbors had called to see and congratulate her; how all the girls who knew him had called and talked to her of him and sent messages of remembrance; how the boys had sung his praises and predicted great things for him; and finally how her own heart failed her every morning lest, when she opened the daily paper, she should read that he was dead or wounded.

No wonder he shed tears.

There is no love like a mother's, and he loved his mother as a mother should be loved.

He was very quiet the rest of the day, thinking of mother, sister and home, wondering what would become of them should he fall in battle.

That night orders came that caused a flutter in the camp. What they were only the officers knew. The men were told to be ready for a sudden move and hot work.

"Joe, we are going at 'em to-morrow," said the drummer to the fifer.

"I hope so," said Joe.

"And a lot of us are going to fall."

"Yes. I guess so."

"Well, if I go down I want you to tell mother

I was doing my best, while thinking of her and sister."

"Yes—yes—if I don't fall with you," and Joe grasped his hand while his eyes filled with tears.

The two brave boys knew the danger they were going to face when the battle opened.

Early the next morning the regiments were in line, and were held there for hours, but no order to go forward came.

The army was moving up nearer the enemy, out on the left wing, and the right had to wait for them. No orders came, and so they slept on their arms that night.

But the next morning at sunrise the boom of the great guns of the fleet was heard. It thrilled the whole army.

"Oh, Mr. Spaniard!" cried Yankee Doodle loud enough for the entire regiment to hear. "Don't run before we get a chance at you!"

"Let me have Blanco!" sung out the fifer. "I'll fife Yankee Doodle into him!"

"Follow the drum, boys, when we start it!" cried Yankee Doodle. "I am going right through the town and play Hail Columbia for the fleet."

"Forward, march!"

They went forward with a quick step, set by the drum tap, straight for the enemy's line of earthworks, five miles away.

In a little while the enemy's scouts were seen hurrying back to their lines.

"Go it!" cried Yankee Doodle. "Tell Blanco we're coming!"

The grim faces of the men in the line were seen to smile, but they were all bracing up for the terrible setto near at hand.

By and by they came in sight of the Spanish flags flying at various points along the line of earthworks. A staff officer dashed up to the general and handed him a dispatch. He read it and halted the line. The men waited impatiently for the order to go forward. The colonel turned to Yankee Doodle, and said:

"When the order to go forward is given, beat the charge."

"You bet I will, colonel, and I'll go in with you, too."

"But keep cool, my boy, keep cool!"

"Of course, sir, but they'll think us hot stuff for all that."

"We'll be hot enough for them," the colonel remarked, and then turning to the line, sung out:

"Boys, we are to go over those works out there—to avenge the Maine! We must do it well, and you are just the men to do it. Do you wish to get at 'em?"

"Ay, ay!"

"We'll go together, then, shoulder to shoulder. Shoot to kill, and give 'em the bayonet when you get close enough!"

Boom!

Boom!

Cannon on the works belched forth a defiance, and the balls went shrieking over the heads of the men.

Suddenly the brigade commander gave the order to charge. The colonels of the regiments and all the line officers repeated it.

Yankee Doodle started his drum roaring the charge, accompanied by the shrill screams of the fife. The whole line went forward like a solid piece of machinery.

The artillery roared and the Mausers rattled.

"Remember the Maine!" yelled Yankee Doodle.

"Remember the Maine!" roared the whole line, and then a volley of rifles sent a leaden hail among the Spaniards whose heads peered over the top of the works. How fast they fired as they moved forward! Men fell at every step, yet the others went on—on—on toward the works. How the cannons belched flame and smoke and iron hail, tearing great gaps through the line! Yet not a man faltered.

"Charge!" roared the drum.

"Charge!" yelled Yankee Doodle.

"Remember the Maine!" came up fiercely above the roaring din of battle.

At the foot of the works the brave colonel seized the flag as the color bearer went down, and rushed to the top of the fort with it. With the roar of tigers the men went up after him. Yankee Doodle was by his side beating the charge. They went over like a flood and mingled with the Spaniards in a fierce hand to hand fight with the bayonet. A big Spaniard rushed at the drummer to bayonet him. Sergeant McGuff caught him on his bayonet and hurled him among the struggling combatants and leapt after him.

"Good for you, sergeant!" cried Yankee Doodle, but the din was such he hardly heard his own voice.

Suddenly the Spaniards began to give way. From where he stood on the breastworks Yankee Doodle was the first to see it, and he yelled:

"They fly! They fly! The day is ours! At 'em, boys! They run!" and then the triumphant notes of Yankee Doodle were heard above the fierce yells of the combatants.

The Spaniards fled to an inner line of works a quarter of a mile away. The colonel was about to order a charge in hot pursuit when an order came from the general telling him to hold what he had gained. He called a halt and the men at once rested where they were.

The ground outside was covered with dead and wounded Americans. Inside the works nearly all the dead were Spaniards. The air was filled with groans and shrieks of agony.

A detail to look after the wounded was promptly made. Our own were attended to first. Yankee Doodle and Joe went down among the Spaniards. A Spanish colonel beckoned to him. He went up to him and the dying officer spoke to him in Spanish in such a way he could not understand him, and handed to him a big leather wallet heavy with gold and some papers. In another moment he was dead.

"Well, he was in such a hurry I didn't understand him," said Yankee Doodle. "I'll tell the colonel about it," and he went in search of the colonel of the regiment. But that officer was too busy to be seen, so he turned to the major.

"They are coming back!" cried the major. "Beat the rally!"

Quick as a flash the drum was roaring out the alarm.

The men rallied and in a couple of minutes a solid front was presented to the enemy, who came on with reinforcements, hoping to regain the ground they had lost.

"Give 'em the bayonet! Charge!" and the entire line sprang forward with the cry of:

"Remember the Maine!" and in another minute the deadly struggle was on again.

CHAPTER X.

YANKEE DOODLE IS ARRESTED BY ORDER OF THE AMERICAN GENERAL.

THE Spanish attempt to regain their lost ground was a futile one. The Americans were not giving up anything they had won that day. But they fought fiercely for half an hour and again retreated, followed by the roaring of the drum and fife.

"Advance the whole line!" cried the general of the brigade, and the line went forward with a yell.

The Spaniards went over their works as fast as they could, in order to be able to use their artillery on them. Yankee Doodle saw the danger and sprang forward, beating the charge, crying out:

"In with 'em before they can use their cannons!"

Whoop!

They went over with them like rabbits, and began to use their bayonets with tremendous energy. The Spaniards were frantic with rage over the mishap, for they saw their danger. They fought like madmen. Yankee Doodle had to drop the drum and seize a rifle to defend himself. Twice he was pressed back, but had the good luck to keep from being impaled.

The fight lasted two hours, for the enemy saw that the day was going against him. They had an immense host in the city, but had many points to defend. Reinforcements went to the aid of those contending with the New York boys, and another brigade ran up to our assistance, for there was the only breach made in the second, or inner line of works by the Americans, and they were determined to hold it at all hazards. They did so, but at a terrible cost of life. The enemy was beaten back by the steady coolness of the Americans, and the position remained with the latter.

To the surprise of the general, that was the only point on the inner line of defenses that our boys captured, and it was of so much importance that he immediately dispatched a third brigade to enable them to hold it. Said he to the general in command there:

"This is a terrible blow to the enemy. Look out for a night attack, as it's of great importance to them as well as to us."

"We can hold it," said the general, who had won it.

"Better throw up some dirt over there at once," suggested the commander of the field. "They may come down on you too heavy."

In less than thirty minutes the engineers were at work. In four hours a semi-circular line of earthworks was established, and our boys stationed behind it.

No sooner was it done than heavy columns of the enemy were seen advancing to the assault—an entire division.

The general sung out to his men :

"They are coming again, men ! This is the key to Havana. We must hold it ! Shall we let 'em take it away from us?"

"Never ! Never !" roared the men.

"They can't do it !" sung out Yankee Doodle, who at once began "Hail Columbia" on his drum.

Way out on the right another army of several thousand men was seen—a queer-looking body of men—pressing forward on our right wing.

"Gomez ! Gomez !" cried someone, and a staff officer dashed out there to make sure. Ere he got there the flag of Cuba, with its one star, was seen.

"*Cuba Libre !*" roared our boys.

"*Cuba Libre !*" cried the Cubans.

"Viva Gomez !" yelled the Americans.

"Viva Americano !" they responded.

"We are here to help you !" said grim old Gomez to the staff officer.

"Just in time, general. They are coming down on us in force. Just look after this end of the field and do all the damage you can to the enemy."

"We have come for that purpose, Senior Colonel," said the old hero, and the officer dashed back to the general's side.

Soon the small arms opened and the leaden hail began to fly. The Spaniards pressed on with the energy born of desperation. They surged up against the newly constructed earthworks like a wave of the ocean beating against the shore. They were rolled back, but like the waves of the ocean they returned again.

Then it was that old Gomez hurled his veterans against the flank of the Spanish column. An indescribable scene ensued. On no battlefield of modern times did more fierce hatred move the combatants than that shown by Spaniards and Cubans. The former seemed to turn on the latter to crush them, leaving the Americans unmolested for the time being—a fatal blunder, as they exposed their right flank.

Instantly Yankee Doodle lounded over the breastworks beating the charge, crying out :

"We've got 'em, boys ! Come on !"

Quick as a flash the five thousand men went over the works with a yell, to the horror of the general and all his staff. He vainly sought to recall them. The drummer boy had taken the command and was leading the charge. On, on pressed the men and struck the Spaniards on their right flank, sweeping

them from the field and capturing two whole regiments in less than ten minutes.

Gomez and his men were now among them with the terrible machete and men fell everywhere. The general finally succeeded in stopping the men in time to secure the prisoners. But the Cubans pressed on, and Yankee Doodle rushed to their front beating the charge. It electrified the swarthy fellows who yelled and pushed on after him. In a few moments he was leading three thousand of them. The Spaniards, assailed in front and flank, broke and fled.

"Seize that drummer and bring him here !" shouted the American general to a company of cavalry, and they went thundering after him.

"The general wants you !" yelled the captain of the cavalry. "Take that horse there !" and a soldier dismounted and gave him his horse.

He sprang up into the saddle and reached for his drum. They dashed off with him.

"Here he is, general !" said the captain as he dashed up with the drummer.

"Keep him under arrest till further orders," was the command.

The captain led him away.

"What in thunder does this mean !" Yankee Doodle exclaimed.

"It means that you are under arrest," was the reply.

"What have I done?"

"What haven't you done ! You took command of the army and started for Morro Castle !"

"Well, if they had left me alone I'd have taken it and old Blanco too !" he retorted. "Am I arrested for fighting the Spaniards?"

"No. I think you will be shot for interfering with military discipline," replied the captain, trying to have some fun with him.

"Bah ! I did nothing of the sort. Lord, but just listen to that ! And I am not allowed to have a hand in it !" and the roar of the battle between the Spaniards and Cubans was frightful to hear. "Say, captain, shut your eyes till I can get away, will you?"

"No—no—you must obey orders," said the captain. "Gomez is recalling his men now. We can't take Morro till the fleet batters down the walls. We've got 'em hemmed in now, and they'll have to surrender."

Gomez did recall his men who had pressed the Spaniards so hard with their machetes. There was a third line of works still nearer in toward the heart of the doomed city, and behind that was massed an immense force.

As the Cubans fell back they cheered the Americans, and were cheered in turn. Colonel Ellison, of the general's staff, dashed up to Gomez, saying :

"General Miles tenders his compliments, general, and asks that you will permit our men to see you ride along the line."

"Certainly. I'll pay my respects to him," and the grim old veteran rode forward with him.

"Gomez! Gomez! Viva, Gomez!" roared the Cubans.

"Hurrah for Gomez!"

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

Both Americans and Cubans cheered him frantically as he rode forward to meet General Miles. The two generals met and shook hands where the ground was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded.

"I thank you in the name of all Cuba, general," said Gomez, as he grasped the hand of the American general.

"I thank you and your brave patriots for the aid given us to-day, general," said the American leader.

"Ah! but the assistance you are giving us!" remarked the old veteran. "I am at your service. I place myself and my army at your disposal, so there may be harmony of action."

"Thank you, general. I shall certainly seek your advice and co-operation. We shall probably have hot work to-morrow."

"And maybe to-night."

"Yes—we must be vigilant," and the two generals shook hands again and separated.

On the way back, Gomez turned to the staff officer who accompanied him and asked:

"Did you see that drummer boy lead the charge to-day?"

"No, but I heard of it. He belongs to a New York regiment and is the idol of the army."

"He is a born soldier."

"Yes. He is called Yankee Doodle throughout our army—a name given him by some Cubans, I believe."

"Ah! I've heard of that name in my camp, and was under the impression that he was an officer whose daring had won him that name."

"He is only a regimental drummer boy, but if this war continues a few months longer he will be given a command."

"I should be glad to give him one in my army," said the old hero.

That night Yankee Doodle sent for the colonel of his regiment, who went to him at once.

"I am under arrest, colonel," he said, "and don't know why."

"Neither do I, but will try to find out, my boy," and the colonel went straight to the brigade headquarters.

"Ah! Yes; so I did order his arrest," said the general. "He took the brigade away from me and led the charge."

The colonel laughed, and the general said further:

"He'd have led them into a death trap against that third line of works out there, had I not ordered him taken off the field. I can't prefer a charge against a soldier for going at the enemy, and admit that he took my men away from me. Go to him and tell him to keep in his place and send him to his quarters."

The colonel went back, laughing heartily at the position the general was in, and took Yankee Doodle from the guard.

"What's it all about, colonel?" he asked as they returned to the regiment, and the officer explained it to him, adding:

"You came near leading them into a death trap. They would all have been shot to death before that third line of works in less than twenty minutes."

"Maybe they would, colonel, but I don't believe it," he replied. "We'd have gone over at 'em and chawed them up in about that time ourselves. Did you see how those Cubans chopped 'em up with their sugar cane knives?"

"Yes, but there were ten thousand Spaniards behind those works who had not been touched. Much as we despise them they are brave fellows who are not afraid to fight."

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT BATTLE—YANKEE DOODLE'S CHARGE.

THE night was spent in burying the dead and removing the wounded of both armies. But as he could do nothing in that line, Yankee Doodle went among the men of the regiment to find out who had fallen in the day's battle. Tears came into his eyes as he missed many a brave fellow.

"See here, me bye!" said Sergeant McGuff, "it's a charmed life ye have, I'm thinking. They don't be afther hurtin' ye at all, at all."

"Well, how is it with you, sergeant?" he asked.

"Sure, an' if I didn't kill the bastes they'd be afther killin' me."

"Sure," he laughed, "and you are a mighty good hand at the business, sergeant."

"They kill a dale of us, too, me bye, bad cess to 'em. It's mesilf as has four bullets through me clothes."

"I have two myself, but if they won't perforate my hide, I'll be a happy boy when it's all over with. Where is Joe?"

"Sure, an' I dunno."

"Joe is with Tom Lane. Tom is badly hurt," said a soldier nearby.

"Sorry to hear that. Tom is a brave fellow," and he went back to the field hospital in quest of the fifer.

There were hundreds of the poor fellows there, and the surgeons were busy binding up wounds, or cutting off limbs. He found Joe with Tom.

"Tom, I'm sorry you are hurt," he said to the wounded fellow.

"Oh, I don't mind as long as we licked 'em," groaned the brave fellow. "I was trying to keep up with you when they downed me."

"Senor! Senor!" called a womanly voice behind him.

He wheeled round and was face to face with Senorita Dolores.

"Ah, senorita!" and he grasped her hand. "You are an angel of mercy now! Just see the brave fellows here who are hurt!"

"Si, senor—but you are safe?"

"Si, senorita, and glad enough I am, too."

"Si, senor. I feared you had fallen. I had to

come and see. And Senor Joe is safe, too," and she put out her hand to the young fifer who rose to his feet and grasped it. "If you need me, senor, will you send for me?"

"Si, senorita, but you must not leave others to come to me. I am no better than any other man."

"I would leave all the world to come to you, senor," she said, and then she went away as she had come, gliding by hundreds of wounded men on her way back to the four Americans who were in her charge in her little home six miles away.

"That woman isn't afraid of old Nick," he said, as he gazed after her till she was out of sight in the darkness beyond the lights of the hospital tents.

"She came here to see if you were hurt," said Joe, looking up at him. "She is after you, old man."

"The Lord forbid," he replied. "She was after me once, and I feared her more than I did the whole Spanish army."

"It's the other way now," remarked Joe, shaking his head.

"I hope not. Tom, I hope you'll soon be on your feet again."

"I don't know," said Tom. "I am pretty badly hurt."

"The surgeon hasn't examined him yet," said Joe.

"He'll have to wait his turn. I am going to the colonel's headquarters and see if I can find out anything about the situation. We may have hot work to-morrow, and settle old Blanco once for all."

"Let me know if I am wanted," Joe said. "I'll be here with Tom."

"All right," and he went away, saying to himself: "Joe is a faithful friend."

At the colonel's quarters he met many officers, every one of whom grasped his hand.

"I heard the general had to order you off the field," said one of them. "Is it true?"

"Yes, captain, and put me under arrest. I guess he thought I would get hurt."

They laughed, and another remarked:

"You seem to bear a charmed life."

"Well, I hope I do, for I don't want to be knocked over, I can assure you."

"But what was the arrest for?" a third asked.

"Hanged if I know. The colonel here got me out. He might tell you."

"He was out there beating a charge upon his drum when the general didn't want to charge," explained the colonel. "He should never beat a charge until a charge is ordered," and he looked at the drummer in a way that was meant for him to remember what was said.

"But inflicted a terrible loss on the enemy," remarked a captain in the party.

"So he did, and we lost a good many men, too. But inside of ten minutes we'd have suffered a terrible defeat by running up against that line of works with ten thousand Spaniards behind them," and the officers were surprised at the statement. One of them said:

"I think we'd have captured them easily, colonel."

"Impossible!" and the colonel shook his head.

"You will see to-morrow how hard it will be for us to take them."

"Are we to storm them to-morrow?"

"I don't know, yet I don't see how we can avoid doing so. We must either do so or fall back from where we are. We can't stay here if they choose to open on us."

"Well, if I had command we'd go over those works at sunrise," said Yankee Doodle, and the officers laughed at the military judgment of a drummer boy to the officers of his regiment. But the colonel looked hard at him for a minute or two, and said:

"So would I, my boy."

"How would you go at it!" a captain asked of Yankee Doodle.

"With a wild rush, and give 'em the bayonet. Those Spaniards will stand and shoot as long as we do, but they are no match for us with the cold steel."

"Ah! That's the whole case in a few words!" exclaimed the colonel. "The boy has met them more times than we have, by going out with the Cubans. I have noticed the same thing that he has. Man for man the Spaniard is no match for the American soldier in a hand to hand struggle, but he will stand up and shoot till he is hit."

"That's it exactly," said Yankee Doodle. "Go at 'em with the bayonet and they are licked in a few minutes; but stand off and fire and they will do the same."

Yankee Doodle went to his quarters and rolled in his blanket to get the sleep he so much needed. But it was not an easy matter for him to get to sleep, as the excitement of the day had been very great. An hour passed and Joe joined him.

"Tom is dead, Phil," said the fifer, "and I am all broke up over it."

"I am sorry—didn't dream he was so badly hurt, Joe."

"I knew he was, and that's why I didn't leave him."

Then the two boys were silent, and by and by they slept. Tired nature could hold out no longer.

But before the stars had faded away the regiments were all under arms, and all orders were given in subdued tones, as if fearing the enemy might hear them.

"Boys, we are in for it now," was heard all along the line.

The enemy was but a quarter of a mile away, behind formidable earthworks, prepared to defend them to the death.

The ground had been cleared of the dead and wounded, and so the coast was clear all the way, except a few houses that stood in the suburbs of the city.

In that latitude the twilights are short, and so in a few minutes the sun seemed to be getting up fast. The dew was sparkling everywhere like diamonds, and the promise of a beautiful day was given in the clear streak that shot up in the eastern horizon.

Boom!

Boom—boom!

The fleet had opened on Morro Castle, and then the word to move forward was given. The line moved like a piece of machinery. Yankee Doodle was at the right of the regiment with his drum, but never a tap did he give it. It was to remain silent till needed in the heat of battle, and not then, unless necessary.

"Sergeant McGuff," said he, as the big fellow came near to him, "if our boys are pushed back don't leave me behind—if I am down."

"All roight, me bye—but niver wanst will they push us back. Be me sowl, it's tin av thim I'll kill av we get till 'em."

The big guns of the fleet and forts were now roaring, till the very earth seemed to shake under the heavy booming. The noise prevented the near approach of the army being heard. Nearly every Spanish soldier was looking back at the city and the heavy pall of smoke that hung over Morro and the forts along the shore.

Suddenly the whole American line dashed forward with yells and a volley of rifle shots. The enemy was not taken quite unawares, for they had been on post, by turns, all through the night. They poured a deadly volley into our ranks, and scores of brave men went down. But with yells of defiance the Americans went on and began to go over the works, giving the Spaniards the bayonet.

It was a frightful scene to look upon. Yankee Doodle looked back from where he stood on the breastworks and saw other American regiments hurrying forward at a double quick step.

It was then that Yankee Doodle struck the first note on his drum on that eventful day. He faced the oncoming regiments and beat the charge. Joe fided till the shrill notes were heard above the roar and din of battle, and the men answered him with a fierce yell. On, on they came and up and over the works they rushed like the overflowing waters of a river.

"At 'em, boys!" yelled Yankee Doodle, at the top of his lungs. "This is their last stand. Down Spain forever now!"

Then came another regiment behind that one—and still another—and so he beat the charge for them all.

In the meantime the Cubans on the right, under grim old Gomez, were going over the works, too.

But everywhere the Spaniards fought like demons, contesting every inch of ground. They, too, received reinforcements from somewhere in the city. There seemed to be no end of Spaniards, and Yankee Doodle, from where he stood on the ramparts, could see them coming. The general of his brigade ran up and stood by him to survey the battle and give his orders. He, too, saw the reinforcements coming to the enemy, and turned pale.

"They may be too many for us," he said to one of his staff.

Then he looked back to see if any more were coming up to his assistance.

There were none.

"They are concentrating on us here," he said. "If we don't get any help we'll be overwhelmed," and he sent one of his staff to General Miles for assistance.

"The Cubans are giving way!" cried one of the staff.

And so they were.

Quick as a flash Yankee Doodle bounded away, beating the charge with furious energy and placed himself at the head of the swarthy patriots. Old Gomez saw him and rushed to his side.

"*Cuba Libre!* Charge, Cubans! The day is ours! Come on! Come on!" and the brave fellows sprang forward like a torrent, and hurled themselves on the Spaniards with the fury of demons. The onset broke the Spanish line in two places, and the Cubans poured through in a living mass of machetes.

"Viva Gomez!"

"Viva Cuba!"

"Viva Americano!"

"Down with Spain!"

He set the cries, and in the wild enthusiasm of the moment swept the Spaniards back, turned their flank, and doubled them over on those whom the Americans were pressing.

Then the American general sprang down from the works and dashed in among his men, with yells of:

"Forward, the whole line!"

The line surged forward, and the enemy were pushed back until all semblance of organization was destroyed. Then it was easier work, and finally the Spaniards were piled up on those behind them in an undistinguishable mass—a mob—and a panic ensued.

CHAPTER XII.

"BRING THE FLAG TO THE DRUM—QUICK."

THE battle on that part of the field where the New York regiments were engaged became a massacre. The Spaniards were in a confused mass so void of organization their officers were utterly unable to handle them.

They were ordered to fall back, and the attempt to do so resulted in a rout.

Yet there were other regiments coming to their support.

It was then that Yankee Doodle left the Cubans and placed himself at the head of the New York boys.

"They run, boys!" he cried. "Settle 'em now, once for all! Charge!" and those who did not hear his voice did hear the drum roaring out the charge. With yells of triumph they rushed forward like an avalanche, bearing down every obstacle in their path-way.

The enemy fled in a panic.

But the regiments behind them opened their ranks to let them pass through, and then closed up, presenting a solid front to the victorious Americans.

"There they are, boys! Down with 'em! There's old Blanco! Catch him and send him to New York! Charge!"

The Spaniards met them with a steady nerve. But just then nothing but a solid stone wall a mile high

could stop them. The line swayed to and fro a few minutes as the bayonets crossed, and then the Spaniards were pushed back.

The grim old Gomez struck them again on the flank with his terrible machete wielders.

"Remember the Maine!" rose the cry that sounded high over the battlefield.

Yankee Doodle had started it, and every American regiment took it up. It went rolling along the line round to the left for four miles. That was the length of the line of battle.

It was a cry for vengeance, an awful sound on a battlefield. Not many Spaniards understood it save when they heard the Cubans give it in Spanish, which they did.

"*Viva Espana!*" yelled the fierce soldiers of Blanco.

"*Viva Cuba Libre!*" responded the relentless machetes of Gomez.

"Remember the Maine!" roared the Americans, and the tide of battle rolled steadily on toward the heart of the city.

The great guns of the fleet and the shore batteries shook the very ground with their thunder. Spain was stoutly defending her right to Cuba, and the Americans their right to drive her out.

As the Spaniards were pressed back, Yankee Doodle rushed forward, beating the charge, cool and resolute. The Americans were wildly cheering him, animated by his persistent keeping in the front.

A score of Spaniards rushed at him to finish him.

Cubans and Americans rushed to his defense, and while they struggled in a deadly embrace he stood by beating the charge.

Just then Joe rejoined him, having been separated from him, and the shrill fife screamed like an eagle above the din of the contending hosts.

Suddenly the tune changed to Yankee Doodle, and a wild burst of cheers went up all along the line; still the drum and fife pushed on, and the irresistible Stars and Stripes followed.

Three times did the flag of the New York regiment go down, and as often was it seized and raised again.

Suddenly Sergeant McGuff rushed up to Yankee Doodle and said:

"Sure, an' they fight like divils!"

"Sergeant, bring that flag here and hold it over me!" cried Yankee Doodle.

The burly sergeant ran to the color bearer and said:

"Come, bring the flag to the drum—quick!" and he seized him by the collar and ran him forward. Just as they got there a bullet laid the color bearer low. The sergeant caught the staff and waved old glory above his head.

"Charge!" yelled he, and the drum roared it out as never before. The men sprang forward once more. The whole line seemed to move at the same time. Old Gomez was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, and his Cubans never once failed him.

All of a sudden the Spaniards began to give way all

along the line. They rushed into the houses and poured a galling fire upon the Americans from doors and windows.

Each house had to be stormed and the enemy captured, and in that the loss of life was awful. But the Cubans were now uncontrollable in their fury. In each house they entered every Spaniard was killed.

They didn't want any prisoners. They only wanted revenge.

Their officers tried to stop them, but in vain. War was on in all its horrors now, and the Spanish power in the Western world was crumbling away in a sea of blood.

The fighting was now in the streets of Havana. Terrified women and children tried to get away, and hundreds were slain in their endeavors to reach places of safety. Neither Spanish or American soldiers were to blame for it. They ran into the vortex of war in their blind terror.

On one of the plazas the Spaniards had planted a battery and a regiment of infantry, to sweep the street in the direction of the American forces.

Yankee Doodle saw the battery in time and ran into the garden of a big mansion to get out of the range of it. There he beat the rally, and a thousand soldiers gathered about him, thinking some general had so ordered.

But the general of the brigade was wounded, and nearly all the officers of the New York regiment were knocked out—some killed.

"We must take that battery, boys!" he cried out. "Turn it on the enemy and blow 'em off the earth. Come on, now!" and he started off beating the charge. No man could stand still and see a drummer boy say: "Come on," and not go. They all went with a whoop of:

"Remember the Maine!" and in just one minute more were bayoneting the gunners and having it out with their support.

By this time the Spaniards were satisfied they were whipped, yet fought with a stubbornness born of despair. The average Spaniard is as stubborn as a government mule, and often the best thing to do with him is to kill him.

The struggle over the battery was a terrific one for about ten minutes. Then it was ours.

Yankee Doodle sprang upon one of the guns and beat Hail Columbia while all the victors yelled frantically. Then he leaped to the ground.

"Turn 'em on 'em!" he yelled.

But there were no artillerists in the regiment.

Yet a captain of the line had the four pieces turned and soon they were belching iron hail at their late masters.

The Spaniards tried to recapture the battery, and another terrific conflict ensued on the plaza. Old Gomez rode up and saw the importance of holding the place. He quickly sent in a regiment of his swarthy fellows, who went at the enemy with the machete. The enemy was soon put to flight.

The grim old warrior rode up to Yankee Doodle and reached down his hand to him.

Yankee Doodle seized it.

"Senor, you and your drum have led in the hottest of the fight all day. I have watched you. You are farther advanced than either the left wing or center of your army. I advise you to go no farther, but hold this plaza till you hear from your general."

"Si, general," said the drummer. "We have captured the city, haven't we?"

"I think we have," was the reply, "but they don't seem to know it."

"We'll prove it to 'em."

"But don't advance any farther. Dead soldiers can do no more fighting. You have gone far enough for the present."

Soon an American staff officer rode up, and the old warrior told him the drummer boy had captured the battery.

Just then the triumphant drum and fife broke out with Yankee Doodle. Both musicians stood upon the guns.

How the men shouted and cheered!

Yet they were panting with the heat, thirst and hunger. They had been fighting seven hours and were almost exhausted. Some of them laid down on the hot pavements, while others sought shelter as they could find it.

Yet the captain who took charge of the battery was vigilant in guarding against surprise, by putting out scouts in each street leading from the plaza.

The fighting had ceased in the streets, as no firing was heard except from the fleet and shore batteries.

Both sides seemed to be exhausted, overcome by heat and thirst.

But grim old Morro still hurled defiance at the fleet, and a cloud of smoke overhung it like a pall of death.

By some means the news came to the army that old Morro was a mass of ruins on one side, and that the guns were all silenced except two big ones that still remained in position.

Then came the work of removing the dead and wounded.

The sun shone so hot that the dead had to be buried at once to avoid a pestilence that would be more destructive than all Blanco's men combined.

Yankee Doodle went in quest of something to eat, for he was ravenously hungry. So was Joe—and all the boys.

As they were stepping over the bodies which lay thick along the way, Yankee Doodle stepped over the body of a dead Spaniard, in whose grasp was a leather bag. He saw it and said to Joe:

"Here, let's see what this is," and he stooped and released the bag from the clutch of the dead man.

"Gold, by all that's holy!" he cried, when he saw how heavy it was.

"How do you know?" Joe asked.

"Because I hope it is," he laughed, and he opened it. "Gold it is, old man!"

Joe looked it over with bulging eyes.

"Half is yours, old man," said Yankee Doodle.

"Whew! I'm rich!" gasped Joe.

"That fellow robbed somebody or a bank and didn't get away with it. Let's look for more."

They did look, but found nothing more of value, though they did not search any pockets. That was something they did not do.

"Well, we've got this, anyhow," said Yankee Doodle, "so we won't starve if we can find any food for sale."

"Guess we won't find any markets open to-day," Joe replied.

"Well, the gold will keep anyway."

"Yes—we can't eat it no matter how hungry we may be. Say, Phil, you led the whole brigade to-day. I heard the general order one of his staff to call you in, and he started after you. But he fell before he got half way to you. He sent another and his horse was shot from under him. Then the general said: 'Well, let him rip, he's doing just right at present.' Then he was wounded and had to be taken to the field hospital."

"Who is in command now?"

"Hanged if I know. It looks to me as though old Nick has been in command ever since daybreak."

"Right you are," laughed Yankee Doodle, "and now General Starvation is in control."

"Hello! There's a woman coming down the street looking for somebody."

"Great Scott, Joe! It's Dolores!"

"So it is. What in thunder is she after, I wonder?"

"Wait and see."

She came up, and on seeing them, cried out:

"Oh, senor! I'm so glad you are not killed!" and she clasped her hands to her heart as she spoke.

"So am I, senorita," he replied. "But I am about to starve to death. I've had nothing to eat all day. Do you know where we can get food?"

"Is there no food in your army?"

"Si, senorita—plenty of it, but I can find the man in the moon quicker than I can our commissary. You see we have been pretty well shaken up to-day."

"I could buy some if alone, and had money," she said.

"Bless your dear heart, here is money," and he gave her a handful of gold Spanish coin. "Buy for all three of us, and keep the balance for that tin pan I smashed of yours the other day."

"Oh, senor! This is a fortune!"

"Yes, if it will get us food. Bring it to us right here. We'll wait here for you."

She ran away, going down a little street in which there had been no fighting, and disappeared from sight.

"Will she come back?" Joe asked. "She has about twenty-five dollars in gold in her hand."

"Yes—she'll come back. Poor girl! She is trying to show how sorry she is that she tried to kill me!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"WEAR THAT—IT'S YOUR DECORATION OF HONOR!"

THE two boys were so tired and hungry they decided to remain at the spot where the senorita had left them, thinking it as safe there as anywhere else, as the Spaniards had been driven back through that very street. So they sat down in the doorway of a house, which was apparently deserted, to await her return. Out in the street in front of them lay dead and wounded men of both armies.

"Say, Joe," said Yankee Doodle to the fifer, "there's nobody in this house. Let's get inside out of this heat and divide this money. We can't carry it around with us in this bag, nor divide it out here."

"All right, old man, but how can we get inside? They don't build houses here as we do in New York."

"Let's try the door," and they did. It was locked and bolted on the inside.

"Let's go around and see if we can get in that way," and no sooner was the suggestion made than they started round to the rear of the house.

But the doors were locked and windows barred—a usual thing in Cuba. Yet Joe thought the rear door was not so strong, but it could be broken in. He tried his strength on it and it yielded a couple of inches.

It was then a sword point slipped through and passed under Joe's arm, passing through his coat, and going a foot or so beyond him.

It was done quick as a flash, and then the sword was drawn in. It was such a close call for Joe, he turned pale and sprang back.

"Somebody is in there!" he gasped.

"Yes. I'll see!" and Yankee Doodle went to the window to peep in.

Swish!

A sword point grazed his cheek.

He sprang back and drew his revolver. Seeing a part of a Spanish uniform in the room, he fired.

A groan followed, and the next moment a Spanish officer fell against the window, while another was trying to support him.

Crack!

He fired at the other fellow, and down he went with a smothered:

"*Caramba!*"

"Any more in there?" he called out, but got no response.

But he did not care to risk getting a sword thrust in the neck, so he did not go to the window to peer in again; nor did he dare to force the door. They were out of view from the street, however, so they divided the gold in the bag, transferring it to their pockets and throwing the bag away.

"I want to know why those fellows were in there, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, as they were preparing to go round to the front of the house.

"So would I, but I am not going to offer myself as a target for a sword point," and Joe shook his head as he spoke.

"Well, I don't want to get a punch, either, but we ought to find out about it, Joe. All these houses here

may be filled with Spaniards waiting to rush out on us to-night."

"If I thought so I'd be rushing away from here—in fact, I'd walk Spanish."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing in the world, old man. But if this house is filled with live Spaniards we want to skip out from here. We've seen enough of them to-day to know that they are a bad crowd in war time."

"That's so," laughed Yankee Doodle. "I'll mark the house round in front so I'll know it again," and he led the way round to the front.

"Oh, senor!" exclaimed Senorita Dolores, as they appeared, "I feared you had gone away! Here is some fruit and bread and honey. I could find no meat," and she displayed what she had brought.

It was tempting. They were hungry and ate heartily. She watched them with glowing cheeks and wistful eyes.

Suddenly Yankee Doodle exclaimed:

"Pardon me, senorita! You are hungry, too! Eat with us. We have plenty now, thanks to you," and he forced part of the supply into her hand.

"Si, senor, I am hungry," she laughed.

"Of course you are. This immense army here has consumed everything in reach. See here now. You are nursing our boys, and hanged if I don't stand by you. Hold your two hands out, please."

She held them out, and he filled them with Spanish gold.

"Oh, senor!" and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, you good Americanos! Mother and I are starving—almost! You have saved us—saved us—oh, senor!" and the tears ran down her face; she could not wipe them away, as her hands held the gold he had given her.

"Put that in your pocket, if you have one," said Joe, "and let me fill your hands."

She did so and Joe filled her hands from his share of the gold.

"Oh, senors! Oh, if America but had Cuba we should all be so happy!"

"Indeed you would. But your own people must keep Cuba. We are going to drive Spain out and let the Cubans have it. Let no one know you have gold. Go back to your good mother now, and see that she has something to eat. The commissary ought to supply you both with rations while nursing our wounded men."

"We use but little. We cook it for them—and our neighbors are so hungry, too."

"Well, it will soon be over. We may get Blanco to-morrow, and then the blockade will cease and food will be plentiful."

"And will you then go back to your home, senor?"

"Si, senorita—after a time, but I don't know how long. When the battle is over I'll come and see you. I'll tell our general how kind you have been to our wounded."

She turned away and hid her face. In another min-

ute she hurried away, going in the direction of the little town of Calvario.

"There's something about that girl I can't understand," said Yankee Doodle. "She is a combination of angel and demon. I've seen her in both characters."

"So have I," assented Joe. "She is an angel now. When she finds out that Senorita Inez Alvarez is not the widow of that dead Gonzalez she'll be a demon again—then look out, old man."

"Yes—yes—I have thought of that," and Yankee Doodle shook his head. "Let's go hunt up our regiment, Joe. I guess it is pretty badly cut up. I am sure the colonel, lieutenant and major are hurt, if not killed."

"The major is dead I know," said Joe, "for I saw him lying still among a heap half a mile back there," and he pointed out toward the last line of intrenchments where the fighting had been fiercest.

"Lord, but I am sorry for that."

"Yes—and the general is wounded, too. I was near him when he was taken from his horse, and heard him say. 'Follow that drummer boy. Strike the enemy hard!'"

"Joe, did you really hear him say that?" and Yankee Doodle stopped and looked at the fifer.

"Yes, for then you had just swung Gomez's men round on the flank of the Spanish reinforcements. It knocked 'em in a heap, doubled 'em up and broke their line. I never thought you'd get out of it alive."

"Neither did I; but I'm glad I'm alive, you bet. Let's go down to the plaza there where we left the battery, and see if we can find out where our regiment is," and so they went there.

The soldiers knew him and cheered him.

"They are looking for you, Yankee Doodle!" cried out a voice.

"Who is?" he asked.

"You are wanted at General Nelson's headquarters. He commands your brigade now while the regular commander is laid up."

"Well, where's the headquarters?"

"Back out there somewhere," and so they went in that direction.

Soon they met some soldiers of the regiment.

"Here's Yankee Doodle!" cried one, and the men made a rush at him to shake his hand.

"Hello, boys!" he sung out. "What's the matter with you! Glad you're alive!"

"Yes, of course we are," said one, grasping his hand. "Don't you know the whole army is cheering for Yankee Doodle!"

"No—do you mean me?"

"Yes—who else!"

"Well, what's it all about?"

"Why, they say you saved the day when you swung those Cubans round against the Spaniards and threw them into disorder. They'd have pushed us back but for that."

"Don't you believe it," he laughed. "They can't push us back!"

"Good for you! But it was hot work, my boy."

"So it was. Where's Sergeant McGuff? He saved my life again to-day."

"Don't know—haven't seen him since he ran the flag over to you to-day."

"I hope he isn't hurt."

"I don't think he is," said a soldier nearby.

He then found out where the headquarters of General Nelson were, and he and Joe went there. The general was busy sending orders here and there, for the enemy was near and liable to renew the conflict at any moment. No one seemed to know him. The general did not, so he stepped up and saluted him, saying:

"General, I was told you had sent for me. I am here at your service."

The general looked at him, and asked:

"Who are you?"

"Phil Freeman, drummer of a New York regiment."

"Ah! Give me your hand, my boy!" and the general arose and grasped his hand. "You saved the day for us, and I want to thank you in the name of the whole army!"

"Thunder! You don't mean it, general!" Phil gasped.

"Yes, I do, my boy. I saw the movement that saved us, and it was your work. I've been in a good many battles and have seen moments when victory hung in the balance. It was the case to-day. I want your full name, sir. The president and the American nation shall know to whom honor is due. You have set the pace for every soldier in our army, my boy!"

Yankee Doodle was staggered. He blushed like a school girl.

"General, you give me a whole broadside, and I am knocked over where the whole Spanish army couldn't do it. Hanged if I know just how to thank you. If I had my drum here I'd give you Yankee Doodle."

"That Yankee Doodle is your strong grip, my boy!" the general exclaimed. "You well deserve the name. I extend to you the hospitality of my quarters at all times. Where is your fifer?"

"Here he is, sir," and he turned to Joe. "As brave a fifer as ever lived!"

"So he is—so he is!" and he grasped Joe's hand and shook it warmly. "I may want both of you with me to-morrow. The enemy will contest every inch of ground till we crush him."

"That's just what we are going to do to him, general," said Joe.

"So we will, my boy, so we will. Gentlemen, shake hands with these young heroes."

Every officer present shook their hands. The general took the red silk sash from his waist and tied it around Yankee Doodle's, saying:

"With my compliments. Could I give you a regiment I'd do so. Wear that—it's your decoration of honor."

He stepped back and saluted the general like a veteran, and the general returned it.

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it, sir!" he exclaimed.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE news of how the general of the brigade had decorated Yankee Doodle went all through the army before midnight. The men cheered when they heard it, but had to be vigilant, as the desperate enemy might swoop down on them at any moment. He went in quest of the colonel of the regiment, and found him, wounded, in one of the field hospitals, but in no danger.

"They tell me you did wonders, my boy," said the officer.

"They tell me so, too, colonel, but I didn't know it. I did my best to help lick the Spaniards."

"That's it! That was what we wanted! Did you capture that sash you have on?"

"No. General Nelson gave it to me, telling me I was the greased pig in the pen and was entitled to wear it. I don't know whether I ought to wear it or not."

"Wear it, my boy. You were decorated on the battlefield—something to be proud of to the day of your death."

"I told him I was proud of it," said he. "I am afraid my head will swell, colonel."

"Well, you don't want to let it swell. It ruins a soldier quicker than anything else that could happen to him. Where is Joe?"

"In his blanket, I guess. He is pretty well used up."

"Poor fellow. He's a game one."

"He is indeed, and true as steel to a friend."

Then Yankee Doodle himself went to his quarters, and joined Joe under his blanket, where he slept till called up in the early morning.

The whole army was under arms by sunrise, prepared to resume the battle. The hoarse, thunderous roar of the big guns of the fleet opened the deadly work, and the men stood in line waiting for the orders that were to send them forward against the enemy.

That the city would be utterly destroyed during the day no one doubted, if the enemy resisted as on the day before.

Suddenly a white flag was seen coming from the enemy, and an officer went forward to meet it.

They wanted to negotiate for a surrender of the city and old Morro.

When the men in line heard the news, they hugged each other in their joy and sang patriotic songs.

All day long the negotiations went on. They could not agree upon the terms demanded by Blanco. He is a wily old fellow. Night came on and both armies stood under arms pretty near all night long.

When morning came, it was found that Blanco had slipped through by marching along the coast toward Matanzas, leaving two thousand men behind, who

kept up a bold front to deceive the American officers.

What a howl went up from the victorious Americans, when they learned how they had been tricked, and how chagrined were their officers over being so adroitly outwitted by the wily Blanco. Forty thousand Spaniards had slipped through their fingers, and that meant more fighting in that hot climate.

Yet the victory was complete. Havana was theirs, and old Morro was in ruins. The Spanish power in the capital of Cuba had been broken, and broken forever.

Yankee Doodle and Joe at once prepared to give vent to the joy of the soldiers by marching up and down the line playing patriotic tunes.

The men yelled and shouted till they were hoarse.

The orders came for the men to man the captured works around the city, and the New York regiment was assigned to those they had won during the assault.

Then Yankee Doodle went to General Nelson and told him about shooting two Spanish officers in a house near the plaza, saying:

"If they are dead they ought to be buried."

"Yes. I'll send a squad of men with you. Show them the house."

He went with them and soon found the place. The house had been broken open and plundered, but the two dead Spanish officers were found where they had fallen.

Certain documents on a desk, as well as pictures on the walls, revealed the fact of the identity of the owner of the mansion.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, on looking up at the painting of a beautiful young girl on the wall in one of the rooms. "This is the city home of the Alvarez family. That is the likeness of Senorita Inez Alvarez! I'll ask for a guard for the property at once."

He sent one of the soldiers back to the general with a note, telling him of his discovery, and asking that a guard be put there to protect the place.

The general very promptly complied, and the house was saved from any further plundering.

Yankee Doodle then went in search of old Pedro among the Cubans. It took him several hours to find him. The old man had escaped unhurt in the great battle.

"Senor, they tell me you are a great general now," said the old fellow, as he grasped his hand.

"It is not true, Pedro. I am still the drummer boy of the regiment, though the general has given me this sash, which he wore himself during the battle."

"That is worn only by the generals, senor," said Pedro.

"True, but they have stars on their shoulders. I have none. But see here, Pedro. I want to send a letter to Senorita Inez Alvarez. Can you see that she gets it?"

"Si, senor."

He gave him the letter, and then told him how he

had found the city home of the Alvarez family, and had a guard placed there to protect it.

He took the letter and hurried away with it.

Two days later he found the old man who was looking for him.

"Senorita Inez and the senora are here in Havana, senior," the old fellow said to him.

"Oh, indeed! I must go and see them!" and he hurried away.

The senorita met him at the door, with:

"Oh, senior! What a debt we owe you! We came just as soon as we received your note! I am so glad you escaped the bullets in the great battle!"

"Thanks, senorita. I am glad too. It was a hard fight."

"Si, senior. They tell me that thousands of brave men were killed."

"Yes—on both sides. We are sorry the enemy got away from us. We hoped to capture them all."

"That would have ended the war. Now it will have to be fought over again. Senior, my mother wishes you to accept the hospitality of our house, if you are permitted to do so, as long as you remain in Havana."

"A thousand thanks, senorita. I do not know that I would be permitted to do so, but if I were, it would be dangerous to you."

"How so, senior?"

"Senorita Dolores seems to have an interest in my welfare. She comes to see me after each fight, to see if I am hurt. She would find out you are not the widow of her dead lover, and the discovery might arouse a murderous fury in her. You already know how she sought my life."

"Si, senior. Are you interested in her yourself?"

"Not in the least, senorita. You are the only senorita in all the wide world I am interested in."

She blushed, smiled and seemed happy.

"I am glad you are, senior," she said. "We should be in a very bad fix indeed if we had no friend in your army."

"Senorita, the general of our brigade is my personal friend. If you need assistance or protection he will grant it promptly. If you need one who would die for love of you, I am yours to command."

"Si, senior. Would you die for love of me, senior?"

"I would, senorita."

"Would you live for love of me—live for me, senior?"

"Oh, senorita, if you bid me do so."

"Do you want me to ask you to do so, senior?"

"Si, senorita."

She put both her hands in his, and said:

"You have made me very happy, senior."

He pressed both the little brown hands to his lips, and said:

"And you have made me the proudest and happiest man on earth, senorita. I shall have hope now, that I may yet win fame and fortune, to lay with my heart, at your feet."

Senora Alvarez entered the room at that moment,

and welcomed him in the most cordial terms. But he could not accept her hospitality for fear of Dolores. She was a dangerous factor in his life at that moment.

But he promised to call on them daily, and did so. But it was soon known that the American army was preparing to move on after the Spaniards now strongly fortified near Matanzas, so he made preparations to march with the regiment.

Senorita Dolores came to him one day and said:

"Senior, I owe you so much I belong to you. I have come to ask your advice. Senior Treadwell, the soldier I have been nursing in our home has asked me to be his wife. I told him I would if you advised me to do so. What shall I do, senior?"

"Do as your heart prompts you, senorita. He loves you. If you can love him marry him. He is a good man and has no wife at home."

"I like him, senior, but don't know that I love him. I don't know that I can ever love again. But I can be good and true to one who is kind to me. You have been kind to me, senior."

"I try to be kind to everyone, senorita. I was sorry for you, for I knew you had loved deeply, had been wounded deeply. I'll be as a brother to you as long as I live."

"Then I shall marry him, senior. Will you come and see the priest with me? Senior Treadwell is of the same faith as I."

"Si, senorita," and he went with her. He assured the father that Treadwell was a single man and a good man.

"But he is the enemy of Spain," said the priest, who was loyal to the mother country.

"Yes, father, but there are no politics in love. Spain will no longer rule in Cuba."

"Don't be sure of that, sir."

"It is as sure as it is now sure that yonder sun shines, father."

The holy man shook his head. He could not believe it.

Yankee Doodle laughed, saying:

"You will live to see that I am a good prophet, father. Spain can't land another soldier in Cuba, and inside of thirty days she will have none on the island who are not our prisoners."

"Even then Europe will not permit her to be robbed of her possessions."

"Cuba will be free. Europe has no cause to help Spain. They all have troubles of their own. You will not be disturbed in your holy mission here. Your people will be happy. You will administer to all their spiritual wants—marrying the living and burying the dead as in the past."

The priest was not convinced, but he said he would marry senorita Dolores to Senior Treadwell, and he went out to Calvario the next day and performed the ceremony. Yankee Doodle kissed the bride, and wished the couple no end of happiness. He also paid the fee.

That was a great load off his mind. He felt like one who had suddenly come into a great fortune, and

that evening he told Senorita Inez all about it. She rejoiced with him.

To add to his happiness the news from home told how the press was ringing with praise of his conduct on the battlefield. His mother wrote that rich women drove up to her humble home and climbed the stairs to see and congratulate her. One rich woman had given her a little cottage home in the country, with land and stock—"and all because of my brave boy in the army," she added.

Tears filled his eyes.

"There are many good and true hearts in the world," he said. "It isn't as bad as I thought it was. Mother and May are comfortable now. If I should fall they are provided for. I shall have more courage than ever now."

The general sent for him and he went to headquarters, where a big official envelope was placed in his hands. He noticed that it was marked "Executive Mansion, Washington," and his hands trembled as he opened it.

It was a letter from the president thanking him in the name of the whole nation, for his brave deeds on the battlefield.

"General, kindly send it to my mother," he said. "It will be a precious document to her," and he handed it to the general, his face all aglow with manly pride.

"I will, my boy. You think of mother first. God bless such boys all over the world!" and he grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

"She is a good mother, sir."

"Of course she is, else you would not be the boy you are. Good mothers have good sons, who honor them above all others. I shall write her a note—with your permission."

"Thanks, general! She would appreciate it as much as the letter from the president, because it is from my general, who was with me in the great battle of Havana."

The general felt flattered by the tribute from the brave boy, and a flush came into his bronzed face. He was an old veteran, who had campaigned for years in the West against the Indians.

The next day, in a general order, the president's letter was read to the whole army on parade, and from that day Yankee Doodle was the lion and pet of the brave soldiers.

Gomez offered him a regiment in his army.

"I can't give up my drum," he replied to the offer when urged to accept it.

"No—no," he said, shaking his head. "I can lead the entire brigade with my drum, which I couldn't do if I were an officer."

The army finally marched out in the direction of Matanzas to meet the Spaniards in battle again, leaving a strong garrison behind to hold the city. There was a very strong element of Spanish loyalty in Havana, that had to be watched very closely to prevent an uprising. The haughty Spanish pride is stubborn above all things—the predominant feature of Spanish character.

The night before the army was to march, Yankee Doodle, accompanied by Joe, paid a visit to the home of Senora Alvarez, to say good-by to her and her daughter. There were three prominent officers there—two of whom were paying very marked attention to the senorita. The officers were surprised at the very cordial reception given the two boys. They did not know that Yankee Doodle had twice saved the life of the senorita until she had told them so.

When the two were on their way back, they were assailed by three assassins—Spaniards, or Spanish Cubans—and they had to defend themselves with their revolvers. One of the assailants was slain, another wounded, and the other escaped by flight.

The wounded man was caught and turned over to the guard. He was locked up by the provost marshal. But he died of his wound during the night.

"Those fellows were lying in wait for us, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, to the fifer.

"Yes, and came near doing us up, too."

"So they did. I'd know the fellow who got away should I see him again."

"So would I. I had a good look at him. I shall give him a bullet when I see him again."

But the next day the army marched out of the city and the drummer boy was at the head of his regiment, roaring out Yankee Doodle so dear to the American heart. Thousands of spectators lined the streets to see the soldiers move; but of all that brave host none attracted so much attention as Yankee Doodle and his fifer.

He had led the army to victory in the streets of Havana. He was now to lead them again.

Viva Yankee Doodle!



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